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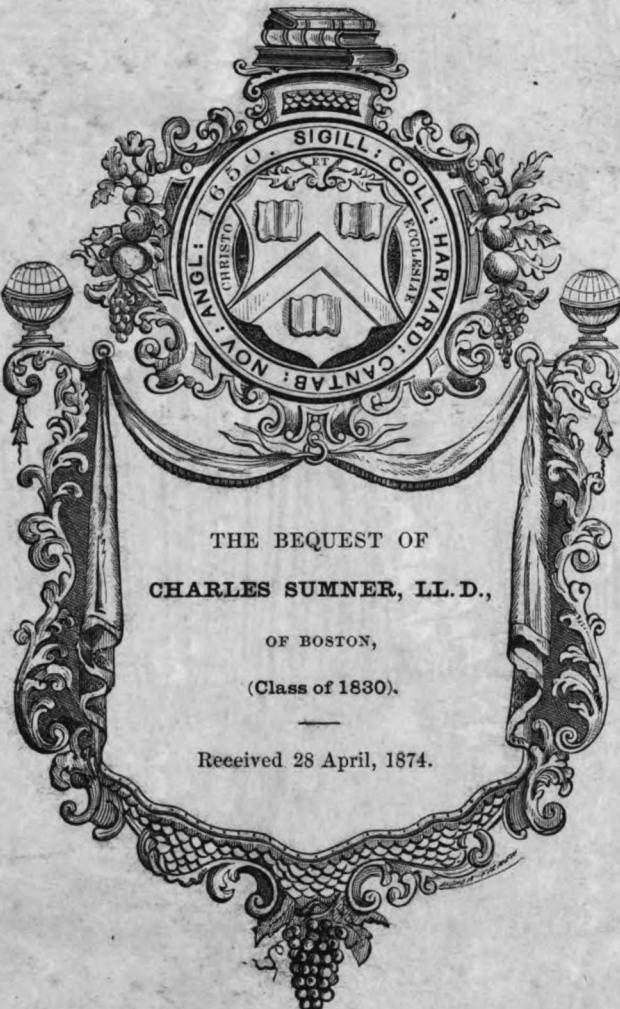
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THE BEQUEST OF
CHARLES SUMNER, LL.D.,
OF BOSTON,
(Class of 1830).

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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OR
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;
WITH
A LIFE OF THE POET,
AND
NOTES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;
TOGETHER WITH
A Copious Glossary.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

TAMING OF THE SHREW	Page 5
WINTER'S TALE	71
COMEDY OF ERRORS	151
MACBETH	197
KING JOHN	259
KING RICHARD II	825
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV	895
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV	469
KING HENRY V	549
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI	627
EXPLANATORY NOTES	697

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(5)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker,
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and
other Servants attending on the Lord. } Persons in the
Induction.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.

GREMIO, } Suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO,

TRANIO, } Servants to Lucentio
BIONDELLO,

GRUMIO, } Servants to Petruchio,
CURTIS,

PEDANT, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew, } Daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, her Sister, } Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista
and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in
Petruchio's House in the Country.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'LL pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue !

Sly. Y'are a baggage ; the Slies are no rogues : Look in the chronicles ; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris* ; let the world slide. *Sessa !*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst ?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, says Jeronimy ; — Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy ; I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy ; let him come, and kindly. [Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds : Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is embossed, And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault ? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunt.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ; He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent. Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool ; if Echo were as fleet,

(7)

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunt.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he
breathe?

2 *Hunt.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed
with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
What think you if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hunt.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him when he
wakes.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest;—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low, submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honor will command?
Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water, and bestrewed with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper;
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic.
And, when he says he is,—, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him.
And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honor,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he played a farmer's eldest son;—

'Twas where you wooed the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

1 *Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your honor means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; — thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;

Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behavior,

(For yet his honor never heard a play,)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,

And give them friendly welcome every one:

Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [To a Servant.
And see him dressed in all suits like a lady:

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
 And call him — Madam, do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
 He bear himself with honorable action,
 Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished.
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft, low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
 And say,—What is't your honor will command,
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife
 May show her duty, and make known her love?
 And then — with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,—
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
 To see her noble lord restored to health,
 Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift;
 Which, in a napkin being close conveyed,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this despatched with all the haste thou canst;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. — [Exit Servant.
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them; haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.* SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances.

Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Will't please your honor taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honor wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly; call not me — honor, nor lordship; I never drank sack in my life; and if you give

me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor! O, that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraited. Here's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject, lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays, [Music.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk? we will bestrew the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid:

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or, Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words.—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband.
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed and slept
Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commony
a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am armed
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approved in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness.
By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallowplash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate,* gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:

Balke logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
 Music and poesy use to quicken you;
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondelle, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness;
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay awhile; What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. *LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
 For how I firmly am resolved you know;
 That is—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
 Before I have a husband for the elder.
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather; she's too rough for me.—
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [To BAP.] is it your will
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for
 you,
 Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
 I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
 But if it were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool,
 And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
 That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
 Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.
 Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
 What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

[*Aside.*

Hor. Seignior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Seignior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit BIANCA.*

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or, seignior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;

For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so
good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great,
Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it
fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell—
yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any
means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she de-
lights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, seignior Gremio: but a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle,
know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may
yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy
rivals in Bianca's love,—to labor and effect one thing
'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! A devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh:—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, seignior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]
Tra. [Advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely; But see! While idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee,— Thou art to me as secret, and as dear, As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,— Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, If I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart: If love have touched you, nought remains but so,— *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents; The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you looked so longly on the maid, Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home:
And therefore has he closely mewed her up,
Because she shall not be annoyed with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid.
That's your device.

Luc. It is. May it be done?

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus:—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.

I will some other be; some Florentine,

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.

'Tis hatched, and shall be so. Tranio, at once

Uncase thee; take my colored hat and cloak:

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee:

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [They exchange habits.
In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient,
 (For so your father charged me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he;
 Although, I think, 'twas in another sense;)
 I am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are
 you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
 Or you stolen his? or both? Pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his;
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I killed a man, and fear I was descried:
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life.
 You understand me?

Bion. I, sir, ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
 Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too!
Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—
 That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
 But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's—I advise
 You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.
 When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;
 But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—
 One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
 To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why,—
 Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exit.*

1 Serv. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*
Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely.
 Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.
'Would 'twere done!*

SCENE II. *The Same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! Whom should I knock? Is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help! My master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you; sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona!

Pet. Seignior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*

Molto honorato, signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, it is no matter what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir, he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out? Whom, 'would to God, I had well knocked at first; Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,

I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O Heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Seignior Hortensio, thus it stands with me.—
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favored wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rieh,
And very rich.—But thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Seignior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice; and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind
is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet,
or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her
head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty
horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ;
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman ;
 Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
 Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
 And shrewd, and froward ; so beyond all measure,
 That, were my state far worser than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ; thou know'st not gold's effect.
 Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman.
 Her name is Katharina Minola,
 Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her ;
 And he knew my deceased father well.
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts.
 O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would
 think scolding would do little good upon him. She may,
 perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so : why, that's
 nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.
 I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he
 will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it,
 that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.
 You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio ; I must go with thee ;
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
 And her withholdes from me, and other more.
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 (For those defects I have before rehearsed,)
 That ever Katharina will be wooed ;
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;—
 That none shall have access unto Bianca ;
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !
 A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;

And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music to instruct Bianca.
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO, disguised, with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks,
now the young folks lay their heads together! Master,
master, look about you. Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[They retire.

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me.—Over and beside
Seignior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfumed;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assured,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place;
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! — God save you, seignior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, seignior Hortensio. Trow you
Whither I am going? — To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behavior,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No! Say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son;
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her. [Aside.]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [Aside.]

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [Aside.]

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of seignior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters;—is't [Aside
to TRANIO.] he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir; at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [Aside.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—

That she's the choice love of seignior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of seignior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! If you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Aleides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
 The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
 And will not promise her to any man,
 Until the elder sister first be wed.

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
 Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
 An if you break the ice, and do thisfeat,—
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
 Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well do you conceive;
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholden,

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
 And do as adversaries do in law,—
 Strive mighty, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
 Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
 That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
 Or, what you will command me, will I do,
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
 Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
 I never yet beheld that special face
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps.—
Go, ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*

Bap. What, in my sight!—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure; she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit KATHARINA.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man;
PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a Musician; and TRANIO,
with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbor Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Called Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, seignior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability, and bashful modesty,
 Her wondrous qualities, and mild behavior,—
 Am bold to show myself a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
 Of that report which I so oft have heard;
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
 I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
 But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
 Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
 Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
 A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
 Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, seignior Gremio; I would fain be
 doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—
 Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To
 express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly
 beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young
 scholar, [Presenting LUENTIO.] that hath been long study-
 ing at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other lan-
 guages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name
 is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, seignior Gremio; welcome,
 good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [To TRANIO.] methinks you
 walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause
 of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
 That, being a stranger in this city here,
 Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
 Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
 In the preferment of the eldest sister.
 This liberty is all that I request,—
 That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
 I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
 And free access and favor as the rest.
 And toward the education of your daughters,
 I here bestow a simple instrument,
 And this small package of Greek and Latin books.
 If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? Of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa, by report
 I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
 Take you [*To Hor.*] the lute, and you [*To Luc.*] the set of
 books;
 You shall go see your pupils presently.
 Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
 These gentlemen to my daughters, and tell them both,
 These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio,*
and Biondello.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
 And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
 And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Seignior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
 And every day I cannot come to woo.
 You knew my father well; and in him, me,
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 Which I have bettered rather than decreased.
 Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
 What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
 And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
 Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
 In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
 Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
 That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained;
 This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;

And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
 So I to her, and so she yields to me;
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
 But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
 That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? Why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me:
 I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
 And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
 When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she; *I'll fume with them;*
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way;
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
 While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
 And,—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
 As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did.

O, how I long to have some chat with her.

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
 Seignior Petruchio, will you go with us?
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you, do; I will attend her here,—
 [*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and HORTENSIO.*]
 And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say, that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain,
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
 Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly washed with dew.
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say,—she uttereth piercing eloquence.
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week.
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the bans, and when be married.
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard
 hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are called plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst:
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
 Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauties sounded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)—
 Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time; let him that moved you
 hither,

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
 You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee
 For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-winged turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? A coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aimed of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are withered.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigs,

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk; thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty-mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed;
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nil you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GBEMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Seignior Petruchio, how speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine; in your
dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? Now, I promise you,
You have showed a tender, fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—Yourself and all the world,
That talked of her, have talked amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;

VOL. II.—3

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hanged first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? Nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself.
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She wied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curtest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate! I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. *Tra.* Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PET. and KATH. severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Gray-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre.

But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife.
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, seignior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns;
In cypress cheats my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies;
Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping. Then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.*Tra.* That *only* came well in.—Sir, list to me.
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa's walls, as any one
Old seignior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinched you, seignior Gremio?*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I choked you with an argosy?*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next,*Gre.* Nay, I have offered all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else you must pardon me.
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved.—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to seignior Gremio.

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbor.—Now, I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy! [*Exit.*]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, called — supposed Vincentio;
And that's a wonder. Fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter LUENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[To BIANCA.—HORTENSIO retires.

Luc. That will be never!—Tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam.—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia salsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning.

Bian. Let's hear.— [HORTENSIO plays.

O fie! The treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it. *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not; *regia*,—presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for sure, *Aeacides*
Was Ajax,—called so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To LUCENTIO.*] and give me
leave awhile;
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait
And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade.
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C faut, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;
E la mi, show pity, or I die.
Call you this—gamut? Tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Seignior Lucentio, [To TRANIO.] this is the 'pointed day,

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? What mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen:
Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the bans;
Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word;
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news
as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what.—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points. His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, railed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humor of forty fancies*, pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion!—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparelled.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? Who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparelled
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown.
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with
words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Pet., GRU., and BION.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
 And make assurance, here in Padua,
 Of greater sums than I have promised,
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
 Which once performed, let all the world say—no,
 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
 And watch our vantage in this business.
 We'll overreach the graybeard, Gremio,
 The narrow-prying father, Minola;
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Seignior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
 I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; when the priest

Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

Ay, by gogs-wounz, quoth he; and swore so loud,
 That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stooped again to take it up,
 The mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff,
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamped and
 swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine.—*A health,* quoth he; as if

He had been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm;—quaffed off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck,
 And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
 I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
 Such a mad marriage never was before;
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HOR-TENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
 I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.—
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the
 horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
 No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
 The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green:
 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.—
 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do? Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.— I see a woman may be made a fool, If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. Obey the bride, you that attend on her: Go to the feast, revel and domineer, Carouse full measure to her maidenhead, Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves; But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; I will be master of what is mine own. She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house, My household-stuff, my field, my barn, My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing; And here she stands; touch her whoever dare; I'll bring my action on the proudest he That stops my way in Padua.—*Grumio.* Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves; Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.— Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate; I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and GRU.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones!

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants For to supply the places at the table, You know there wants no junkets at the feast.— Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place, And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Petruchio's Country-House.**Enter GRUMIO.*

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so rayed? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me.—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla! hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly.

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, thou three-inch fool! I am no beast!

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and, therefore, good Gramio, the news?

Gru. Why, Jack boy! ho boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[Striking him.]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin. *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress;—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale.—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? — Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door, To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!— You logger-headed and unpolished grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson, malt-horse drudge! Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i'the heel; There was no link to color Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing. There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory; The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants?*

Where is the life that late I led?—

[*Sings.*

Where are those — sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when I say? — Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains. When?

It was the friar of orders gray, [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way,—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate. — Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither; —

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water?

[*A basin is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I? —
What is this? mutton?

1 Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

1 Serv.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! — Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*

You heedless jolthead, and unmannered slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and CURT.*

Nath. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of contingency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politely begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
For then, she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that dost swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more. I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called—Hortensio.

Tra. Seignior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you—if you be so contented—
Forswear Bianca and her love forever.

Hor. See how they kiss and court!—Seignior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,—
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long loved me,

As I have loved this proud, disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, seignior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love;—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and BIANCA advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven-and-twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watched so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exit LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir! —

Tra. And you, sir! You are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two.
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—Marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stayed at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.

'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

[*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favor will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here looked for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Room in Petruchio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I—who never knew how to entreat—
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false, deluding slave,

[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat; and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

[*Sets the dish on a table.*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no 'proof.—

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand,

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Seignior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up, all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat space.—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best.

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things:

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer!

A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy.

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe.
 Your betters have endured me say my mind;
 And, if you cannot, beat you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
 And, rather than it shall, I will be free
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
 A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
 And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see't.
 O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
 What's this? a sleeve! 'tis like a demi-cannon.
 What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
 Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
 Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—
 Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[Aside.]

Tai. You bade me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembered,
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.
 Go, hop me over every kennel home,
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
 I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashioned gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable;
 Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me,

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet
 of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
 Thou thimble,
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
 Theu flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou.—
 Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
 Just as my master had direction.
 Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me; thou hast braved many men, brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown;*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape.*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;* —

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life. Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

[*Aside.*]

Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words :
Away, I say ; commend me to thy master. [Exit Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest, mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better thad the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :

And therefore, frolic ; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end ;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see ; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse ;
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone.

I will not go to-day : and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! This gallant will command the sun.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANTIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? And, but I be deceived,
Seignior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were schooled.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUENTIO.

Seignior Baptista, you are happily met.—

Sir, [To the Pedant.]

This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave: Having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him matched; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Seignior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.

Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir.
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight.
And, if you will, tell what hath happened;
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Seignior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt TRanio, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.*

Bion. Cambio,—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind,
to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your
command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a
counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her, *cum
privilegio ad imprimendum solum*, to the church;—take
the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day. [Going.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an
afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a
rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master

hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest
be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

[Exit.]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented.
She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.]

SCENE V. A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our
father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore crossed, and crossed; nothing but crossed.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.—
But sun it is not when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What will you have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward; thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress. Where away?—

[To VINCENTIO.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
 Fair, lovely maid, once more good day to thee!
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young, budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
 Whither away; or where is thy abode?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child!
 Happier the man whom favorable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered;
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
 That every thing I look on seemeth green,
 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
 Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
 That with your strange encounter much amazed me;
 My name is called—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa;
 And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
 A son of mine which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,
 I may entitle thee—my loving father;
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
 Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
 Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
 Beside, so qualified as may beseem
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
 And wander we to see thy honest son,
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? Or is it else your pleasure,
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
 Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and VIN.*

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUENTIO, and BIANCA;
GREMIO walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee
at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'your back; and
then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt LUC., BIAN. and BION.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door; this is Lucentio's house;
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose, but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the
gate?

Vin. Is seignior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two,
to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall
need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was beloved in Padua.—
Do you hear, sir?—To leave frivolous circumstances,—I
pray you, tell seignior Lucentio, that his father is come from
Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest. His father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [To VINCENT.] Why this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? my old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [Seeing BIONDELLO.]

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, did'st thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [Beats BIONDELLO.]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

[Exit.]

Ped. Help, son, help, seignior Baptista!

[Exit, from the window.]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.]

Re-enter Pedant, below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic!

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober, ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! He is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name; I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, seignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer. [*Enter one with an Officer.*] Carry this mad knave to the jail. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, seignior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, seignior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be seignior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUENTIO and BLANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son? [*Kneeling.*]

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.*]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*]

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.—
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me
to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [To LUCENTIO.] Have
you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to.
But I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [Exit.]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt* LUC. and BIAN.]

Grem. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First, kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's
away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love,
stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II. *A Room in Lucentio's House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

VOL. II.—5

While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—
 Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
 After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
 For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense.

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Boundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! — How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe;
 And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer.—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? A hasty-witted body
 Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep
 again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
 Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, seignior Tranio,
This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipped me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little galled me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no; and therefore, for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content.—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

[*Exit.*

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too.
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
 To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*]

Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
 Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
 She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
 Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
 Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
 Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life;
 An awful rule, and right supremacy;
 And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
 The wager thou hast won; and I will add
 Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
 Another dowry to another daughter,
 For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
 And show more sign of her obedience,
 Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your foward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble; throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws
it down.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too.
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening, unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
And, when she's foward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul, contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am ashamed, that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway.
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours;
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
 But now, I see, our lances are but straws;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot.
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me,
 Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

[*To LUCENTIO.*

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATH.*

Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

[*Exeunt.*

W I N T E R'S T A L E.

(71)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

MAMILLIUS, *his Son.*

CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,

} Sicilian *Lords.*

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *his Son*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

A Mariner.

Jailer.

An old Shepherd, *reputed Father of Perdita.*

Clown, *his Son.*

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*

Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a Lady,* } attending the Queen.
Two other Ladies.

MOPSA, }
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; satyrs for a Dance;
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

(73)

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden. Time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have staid
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One sevennight longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between 's then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me; so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although
 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
 Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
 Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
 To you a charge and trouble. To save both,
 Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
 You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
 Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
 All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
 The by-gone day proclaimed; say this to him,
 He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
 But let him say so then, and let him go;
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
 Yet of your royal presence [To *Pol.*] I'll adventure
 The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
 To let him there a month, behind the gest
 Prefixed for his parting; yet, good deed, Leontes,
 I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
 What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
 Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
 You shall not go; a lady's verily is
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest: so you shall pay your fees,
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
 My prisoner, or my guest? By your dread *verily*,
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
 To be your prisoner, should import offending;
 Which is for me less easy to commit,
 Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailer, then,
 But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. What we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill doing, nor dreamed.
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answered Heaven
Boldly, *Not Guilty*; the imposition cleared,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripped since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinned with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipped not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? When was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things; one good deed dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal.—
My last good was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace !
But once before I spoke to the purpose. When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had soured themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours forever.

Her. It is grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice.
The one forever earned a royal husband;
The other, for some while, a friend.

[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.

Leon. Too hot, too hot. [Aside.
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremoir cordis on me;—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent. It may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practised smiles
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillus,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'feeks ?
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutched thy nose?—
They say, it's a copy out of mine. 'Come, captain,
We must be neat! not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all called neat.—Still virginalling

[Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I
have,
To be full like me: yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing. But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wished, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,

Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain !
 Most dearest ! my collop ! — can thy dam ! — May't be ?
 Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre ;
 Thou dost make possible, things not so held ;
 Communicat'st with dreams ; — (How can this be ?)
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent,
 Thou mayst conjoin with something ; and thou dost ;
 (And that beyond commission, and I find it;) ;
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord ?

What cheer ? How is't with you, best brother ?

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are you moved, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
 Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreeched,
 In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will ? why, happy man be his dole ! — My
 brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now, my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all ;
 He makes a July's day short as December ;
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
 Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
 How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover's, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden. Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky;—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked one.—

[*Exeunt POL., HER., and Attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play:—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamor
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in his absence,
And his pond fished by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbor. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates opened,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barriado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius: thou'rt an honest man.—

[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast ont, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already: whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a so-forth. 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
• *Leon.* At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks.—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? By some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—Satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priestlike, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reformed; but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't: Thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game played home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I played the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft affects the wisest. These, my lord,
 Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage. If I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
 (But that's past doubt; you have; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumor
 Cannot be mute,) or thought,—(for cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that does not think,)—
 My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before a troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty:) Horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
 Hours, minutes? Noon, midnight? And all eyes blind
 With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
 That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
 Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
 The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
 If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
 VOL. II. — 6

Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia. Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have benched, and reared to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir.
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided, that when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;

Even for your son's sake; and thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all;
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splittest thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the prisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourished after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! Methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i'the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself. Even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and

So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! Dare not? Do not. Do you know, and
dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus altered with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I have looked on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but killed none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be informed, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answered.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honor does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charged in honor, and by him
That I think honorable. Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which ~~must~~ be even as swiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, lost, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam.

By the king.

Pol.

For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,—that you have touched his queen
Forbiddently.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savor, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunned,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawned,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain:
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have uttered truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,

Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
 He is dishonored by a man which ever
 Professed to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort.
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
 The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
 Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best; so that there be not
 Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
 Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learned it out of women's faces.—Pray now
 What color are your eyebrows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose
 That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 Lady. Hark ye;
 The queen, your mother, rounds space: we shall
 Present our services to a fine new prince,
 One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
 If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down.—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blessed am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steeped, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorred ingredient to his eye make known,
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted.—That false villain,
Whom I employed, was pre-employed by him:
He has discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinched thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevailed them so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—

Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him.
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him;— and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
How'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *She is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honorable.
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha: these petty brands,
That calumny doth use;— O, I am out;
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself;— these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly; come between,
Ere you can say she's honest. But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'ress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish villain in the world,
He were as much more villain. You, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinction leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!— I have said,
She's an adult'ress; I have said with whom;
More, she's a traitor! and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,

Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison.
He who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thought so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be performed!

Leon. Shall I be heard?
[*To the Guards.*
Her. Who is't that goes with me?—Beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out. This action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
I never wished to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest, your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I the eyes of Heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwiae, I'll keep my stables where
 I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
 Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
 For every inch of woman in the world,
 Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
 If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
 You are abused, and by some putter-on,
 That will be damned for't; 'would I knew the villain,
 I would land-damn him. Be she honor-flawed,—
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
 The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't; by mine honor,
 I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
 To bring false generations; they are coheirs;
 And I had rather glib myself, than they
 Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
 You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't
 As you feel doing thus; and see withal
 The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
 We need no grave to bury honesty;
 There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What, lack I credit?
1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
 upon this ground: and more it would content me
 To have her honor true, than your suspicion;
 Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
 Commune with you of this? but rather follow
 Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
 Imparts this; which,—if you (or stupefied,
 Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
 Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves.
 We need no more of your advice: the matter,
 The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
 Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
 You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
 Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
 Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
 Added to their familiarity,
 (Which was as gross as ever touched conjecture,
 That lacked sight only, nought for approbation,
 But only seeing, all other circumstances
 Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding.
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
 Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatched in post,
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuffed sufficiency. Now from the oracle
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel, had,
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
 From our free person she should be confined;
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence,
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
 We are to speak in public; for this business
 Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
 If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[Exit an Attendant.]
 Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
 No court in Europe is too good for thee;
 What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keeper. For a worthy lady,
 And one whom I much honor.

Paul. Pray you, then,
 Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt* Attend.]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [Exit Keeper.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes coloring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, delivered.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live. The queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn.
These dangerous, unsafe lunes o' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall; the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-looked anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss

A thriving issue; there is no lady living
 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship.
 To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
 Who, but to-day, hammered of this design;
 But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
 Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
 I'll use that tongue I have. If wit flow from it,
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
 I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
 I'll to the queen. Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
 I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
 Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir.
 The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
 By law and process of great nature, thence
 Freed and enfranchised: not a party to
 The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon
 Mine honor, I will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
 To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
 The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
 She, the adult'ress;—for the harlot king
 Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
 And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
 I can hook to me. Say, that she were gone,
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
 Might come to me again.—Who's there?

I Attend.

My lord!
 [Advancing.

Leon. How does the boy?

I Attend. He took good rest to-night;
 'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see
 His nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply;
Fastened and fixed the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languished.—Leave me solely;—go,
See how he fares. [Exit Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought
of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon mè: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,
Until a time may serve; for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow.
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious, innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
manded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho!

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charged thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty, he can. In this,

(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honor,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours;—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good
queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on my own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen—
For she is good—hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door!
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so.
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou dotard [To ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-tired, un-
roosted
By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. Forever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon.

A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon.

A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Prolixenes.
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul.

It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;—
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon.

A gross hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hanged,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant.

Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon.

Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon.

I'll have thee burned.

Paul.

I care not.

It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy) something savors

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? She durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours; Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so.—Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? Away with't!—Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word, 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir.
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly served you; and beseech
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows;—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live.
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[To ANTIGONUS.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,

VOL. II.—7

So sure as this beard's gray,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose. At least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (see'st thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou command it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe.
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss! *[Exit, with the Child.]*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 Attend. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent. 'Tis good speed; foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:

Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street in some Town.*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report—
For most it caught me — the celestial habits
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business. When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine sealed up)
Shall the contents discover something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go, fresh horses!—
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much beloved.—Let us be cleared
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies,
attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of
Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason,
in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia;
and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our
sovereign lord and king, thy royal husband; the pretence
whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Her-
mione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true sub-
ject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to
fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised,
And played to take spectators. For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince—here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honor, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strained, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honor; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accused,) I do confess
I loved him, as in honor he required;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dished
For me to try how. All I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dreamed it.—As you were past all shame,
 (Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth;
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity.
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort,
 Starred most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder; myself on every post
 Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion.—Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No! life,
 I prize it not a straw;—but for mine honor,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemned
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
 'Tis rigor, and not law.—Your honors all,
 I do refer me to the oracle;
 Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request,
 Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father.
 O that he were alive, and here, beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent
babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir,
if that, which is lost, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O, sir, I shall be hated to report it;
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE faints.]

How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.—
I have too much believed mine own suspicion.—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.*
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And filled with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasped my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me? What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling In leads or oils? What old, or newer torture Must I receive; whose every word deserves To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny Together working with thy jealousies,— Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle, For girls of nine! O, think what they have done, And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it. That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing; That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant, And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much, Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo's honor, To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter, To be or none, or little; though a devil Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't: Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death Of the young prince; whose honorable thoughts (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart That could conceive a gross and foolish sire Blemished his gracious dam; this is not, no, Laid to thy answer. But the last, O lords,

When I have said, cry, woe!—The queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropped down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on.
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have showed too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touched
To the noble heart.—What's gone and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punished, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son;
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as

Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touched upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land; 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. [Exit.]

Ant. Come, poor babe.—
I have heard (but not believed) the spirits of the dead
May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like to waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So filled, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bowed before me;
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia:
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost forever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee call't; for this ungentle business,

*Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:* and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffered death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoined to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone forever.

[*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work. They were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilhoa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land; —but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! But that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone! how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship,—To see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

[*Aside.*]

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich, by the fairies: this is some changeling.—Open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! All gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see

if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I: and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,

If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
 If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
 He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.]

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate.
 'Tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant
 this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though
 I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay
 my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master,
 hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some
 allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to
 my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest
 of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of
 thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had
 thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me busi-
 nesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage,
 must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with
 thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not
 enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thank-
 ful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the
 heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee
 speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the
 remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and re-
 conciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious
 queen and children, are even now to be fresh lamented.
 Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son?
 Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious,
 than they are in losing them, when they have approved their
 virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What
 his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have
 missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court; and
 is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he
 hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some
 care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look
 upon this removedness, from whom I have this intelligence;
 that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd;
 a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the

imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I

am, littered under Mercury, was like-wise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With dye, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway; beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! A prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see;—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [Aside.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to color the warden pies; mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I'the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand; I'll help thee! come, lend me thy hand. [Helping him up.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you.

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my dames. I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court. They cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir! no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat

VOL. II.—8

bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily heat the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them. Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor, lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up! What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor, humble swain,

As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honor; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this pur-
pose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised;
Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter! When my old wife lived, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labor; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [To POL.
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.—You're welcome, sir!

[To CAMILLO.]

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savor, all the winter long.
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season,
Are our carnations, and streaked gilliflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilliflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,

And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest
friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours; and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-leuce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals. Sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so; and own
No other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crown what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wooed me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But come, our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita. So turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green sward; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [Music.]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances feately.
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O, master, if you did but hear the pedler at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe;

no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings*; *jump her and thump her*; and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slighteth him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colors of the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, cadisses, cambries, lawns. Why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cypress, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
Come, buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldest take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not a milking-time, when you are going to-bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets; bat you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well, they are whispering. Clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print, a-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Tale-porter; and five or six honest wives, that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by. And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh

with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too. Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*. There's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'l bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. *Whither?* M. *O whither?* D. *Whither?*
 M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*
 M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;*
 D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
 A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
 D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
 M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me.*
Then, whither go'st? Say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*]

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown, AUT., DORC., and MOPSA.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers; and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.]

*Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs.
They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. [Aside.]—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks. I would have ransacked
The pedler's silken treasury, and have poured it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing martered with him: if your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply; at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not delivered.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved. I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out.—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbor too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offered.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of my own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands; a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have. But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a gnest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal food thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou' shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin;
Far than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee.

From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honor therein,
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to't.

[Exit.

Per. Even here undone!
 I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
 Of your own state take care. This dream of mine,—
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
 But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
 Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
 Nor dare to know that which I, know.—O, sir,
 [To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
 To die upon the bed my father died,
 To lie close by his honest bones; but now
 Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
 Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O, cursed wretch,

[To PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
 To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
 If I might die within this hour, I have lived
 To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
 I am but sorry, not afraid! delayed,
 But nothing altered! What I was, I am;
 More straining on, for plucking back; not following
 My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
 You know your father's temper. At this time
 He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
 You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not fer Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honored friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver.—I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[Takes her aside.
I'll hear you by-and-by. [To CAMILLO.

Cam. He's irremovable;
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if

His going I could frame to serve my turn;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honor;
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
 I am so fraught with curious business, that
 I leave out ceremony. [Going.

Cam. Sir, I think
 You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
 That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
 Have you deserved. It is my father's music
 To speak your deeds; not little of his care
 To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
 If you may please to think I love the king;
 And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
 Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
 (If your more ponderous and settled project
 May suffer alteration,) on mine honor
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
 As shall become your highness; where you may
 Enjoy your mistress, (from the whom, I see,
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
 As Heavens forefend! your ruin,) marry her,
 And (with my best endeavors, in your absence)
 Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
 And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
 May this, almost a miracle, be done?
 That I may call thee something more than man,
 And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet.
 But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
 To what we wildly do, so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
 Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.
 This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
 But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia,
 And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
 (For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
 She shall be habited as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
 Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
 As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
 Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
 What color for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
 To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
 The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,
 What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
 But that you have your father's bosom there,
 And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you.
 There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves
 To unpathed waters, undreamed shores; most certain,
 To miseries enough; no hope to help you;
 But as you shake off one, to take another:
 Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you
 Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
 Prosperity's the very bond of love;
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
 Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true.
 I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
 But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
 There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
 years,
 Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
 She is as forward of her breeding, as
 She is i' the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
 She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
 To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O the thorns we stand upon.—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[They talk aside.

Enter AUTOOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! And trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears. You might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak, shows fair.

VOL. II.—9

Cam.

Who have we here?
[*Seeing AUTOLYCUS.*]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why, hanging.

[*Aside.*]

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from
thee. Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make
an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must
think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this
gentleman. Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the
worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir;—I know ye well enough.

[*Aside.*]

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch. The gentleman is half
flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.

[*Aside.*]

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—You must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescribed.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat.—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king [*Aside.*]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
 Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
 To force him after; in whose company
 I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
 I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLO., PER., and CAM.*

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't. I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; — here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies!

[*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray, heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics? Whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefora they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? Receives not thy nose, court-odor from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot but be a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself. For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavite, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest, plain men) what you have to the king; being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your be-

halfs ; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold ; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold ; show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ! stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more ; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised ?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business ?

Clo. In some sort, sir ; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son,—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort. We must to the king, and show our strange sights ; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right hand ; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us ; he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me ; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion ; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him ; if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them ; there may be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saintlike sorrow; no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeemed; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil:
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord.
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you killed,
Would be unparalleled.

Leon. I think so. Killed!
She I killed! I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady.
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—

To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[*To LEONTES.*

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor,—O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel! — Then, even now,
I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore no wife. One worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul vexed,
Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walked, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that followed
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! — Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blessed my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.
Paul. Unless another
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walked your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? He comes not
Like to his father's greatness. His approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been*
Nor was not to be equalled;—thus your verse
Flowed with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebbed,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam.
 The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon;)
 The other, when she has obtained your eye,
 Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
 Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
 Of all professors else; make proselytes
 Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
 More worth than any man; men, that she is
 The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
 Yourself, assisted with your honored friends,
 Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange
 [*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentlemen.*
 He thus should steal upon us.]

Paul. Had our prince
 (Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had paired
 Well with this lord; there was not full a month
 Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st
 He dies to me again, when talked of. Sure,
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
 Will bring me to consider that which may
 Unfurnished me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
 For she did print your royal father off,
 Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
 Your father's image is so hit in you,
 His very air, that I should call you brother,
 As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
 By us performed before. Most dearly welcome!
 And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
 You, gracious couple, do! And then I lost
 (All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
 Have I here touched Sicilia; and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,

Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
 (Which waits upon worn times) hath something seized
 His wished ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measured, to look upon you; whom he loves
 (He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
 (Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
 Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage
 (At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
 The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
 She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
 That noble, honored lord, is feared and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
 His tears proclaimed his, parting with her; thence
 (A prosperous south wind friendly) we have crossed,
 To execute the charge my father gave me,
 For visiting your highness. My best train
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
 Not only my success in Libya, sir,
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,
 Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
 Do climate here! You have a holy father,
 A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
 For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
 Have left me issueless; and your father's blessed
 (As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
 Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
 That which I shall report, will bear no credit,

Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
 Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
 Desires you to attach his son; who has
 (His dignity and duty both cast off)
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him.
 I speak amazedly; and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message. To your court
 Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betrayed me:
 Whose honor, and whose honesty, till now,
 Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
 He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak;
 Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
 The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
 Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
 The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.—
 The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
 Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
 When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
 Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
 Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
 Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
 Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
 That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up.
 Though fortune, visible an enemy,

Should chase us with my father, power no jot
 Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
 Remember since you owed no more to time
 Than I do now. With thought of such affections,
 Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
 My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
 Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
 Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a month
 'Fore your queen died; she was more worth such gazes
 Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
 Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
 [To FLORIZEL.
 Is yet unanswered; I will to your father;
 Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
 I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand
 I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
 And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business.—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's

death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No; the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained un-

discovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so, any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else, 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand. I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend.—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldest be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort that I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services, You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed, With your crowned brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, Is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O, Paulina, We honor you with trouble. But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we passed through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you looked upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is; prepare To see the life as lively mocked, as ever Still sleep mocked death. Behold; and say, tis well.

[PAUL. undraws a curtain and discovers a statue.
I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder. But yet speak;—first you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I wooed her!
I am ashamed. Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjured to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O patience;
The statue is but newly fixed; the color's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But killed itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have showed it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
'Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done.
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mocked with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.— Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is required,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still,
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her: strike.—
[*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come:
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:

[HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.]

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful. Do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.
When she was young, you wooed her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [Embracing her.]
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and mak't manifest where she has lived,
Or, how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting PER., who kneels to HER.]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found?
Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear, that I—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope, thou wast in being—have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withered bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be questioned; for I saw her,

As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honorable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon, my brother.—Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy locks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom Heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence: where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissevered. Hastily lead away. [Exeunt.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

(151)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.

*ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, { twin-brothers and sons to Ægeon and
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, { Æmelia, but unknown to each other.*

*DROMIO of Ephesus, { twin-brothers, and Attendants on the two
DROMIO of Syracuse, { Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.

ANGELO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINCH, a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.

ÆMELIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her Sister.

LUCE, her Servant.

A Courtesan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. Ephesus.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Jailer, Officer, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws.
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns;
Nay, more
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

(153)

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Aege. A heavier task could not have been imposed,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor, mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those—for their parents were exceeding poor—
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return;
Unwilling I agreed; alas; too soon!
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sailed,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Whieh, though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before, for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear,

Forced me to seek delays for them and me.—
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fastened him unto a small, spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixed,
Fastened ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapors that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas waxed calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far, making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Aege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily termed them merciless to us!
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrecked guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus you have heard me severed from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolonged,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full

What hath befallen of them, and thee, till now.

Aege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive

After his brother; and impótuned me

That his attendant (for his case was like,

Reft of his brother, but retained his name)

Might bear him company in quest of him;

Whom whilst I labored of a love to see,

I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.

Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,

Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,

And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;

Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,

Or that, or any place, that harbors men.

But here must end the story of my life;

And happy were I in my timely death,

Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Aegeon*, whom the fates have marked
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!

Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,

Which princes, would they, may not disannul,

My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

But, though thou art adjudged to the death,

And passed sentence may not be recalled,

But to our honor's great disparagement,

Yet will I favor thee in what I can.

Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,

To seek thy help by beneficial help.

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;

Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,

And live, if not; then thou art doomed to die.—

Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Aege. Hopeless and helpless doth *Aegeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit *Dro. S.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart;
And afterwards consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit Merchant.]

Ant. S. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now! how chance, thou art returned so soon?

Dro. E. Returned so soon! rather approached too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,

My mistress made it one upon my cheek.
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
 The meat is cold, because you come not home:
 You come not home, because you have no stomach;
 You have no stomach, having broken your fast;
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
 Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
 The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humor now.
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
 So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
 I from my mistress come to you in post;
 If I return, I shall be post indeed;
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
 And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
 Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.
 My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
 In what safe place you have bestowed my money;
 Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
 That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
 Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
 Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
 But not a thousand marks between you both.—
 If I should pay your worship those again,
 Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast
 thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
 She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
 And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? For god's sake, hold your
hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit DROMIO E.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go, or come. If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.
There's nothing, situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
 Endued with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords.
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause;
 They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burdened with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldest relieve me.

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
 Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my
 two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou
 his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his
 meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel
 his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce
 understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
 It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark
 mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,

He asked me for a thousand marks in gold.

*'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burned; My gold, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!*

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master.

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress;*—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruined? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
 'Would that alone, alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
 That others touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold; and so no man, that hath a name,
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wandered forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humor altered?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
 Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake. Now your jest is
 earnest;
 Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
 And make a common of my serious hours.
 When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
 And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head. An you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then wherefore,—
 For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain, bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost. Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it. Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder!

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects; I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurged wouldest vow, That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savored in thy taste,
Unless I spake, looked, touched, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingleth thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep, divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possessed with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live disstained, thou undishonored.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scanned,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman? What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names, Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine.
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusian,

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answerest not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
 Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate.—
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
 Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advised?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
 I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luo. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good seignior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
 Say, that I lingered with you at your shop,
 To see the making of her carcanet,
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain, that would face me down,
 He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
 And charged him with a thousand marks in gold;
 And that I did deny my wife and house.—
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
 That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show.
 If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
 Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
 I should kick, being kicked; and, being at that pass,
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, seignior Balthazar. 'Pray God,
our cheer.

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome
dear.

Ant. E. O seignior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing
but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry
feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest.
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer you may have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is locked. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [Within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? my master
stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he
catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me
wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not dined
to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again,
when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the
house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is
Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and
my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldest have changed thy face for a name, or thy
name for an ass.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there? Dromio, who
are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. 'Faith, no ; he comes too late.

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh.—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another ; that's,—When ? can
you tell ?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast
answered him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion ? You'll let us in, I
hope ?

Luce. I thought to have asked you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help ; well struck ; there was blow
for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake ?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door
down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the
town ?

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all
this noise ?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly
boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife ? you might have come
before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave ! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would
go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome ; we would
fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with
neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master ; bid them
welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot
get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments
were thin.

Your cake here is warm within ; you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and
sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems thou wantest breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here is too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir. O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honor of your wife.
Once this; your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be ruled by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives upon succession;
Forever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevailed; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife, (but, I protest, without desert,)—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,

And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made.
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
 Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste:
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? Shall Antipholus' hate
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board.
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her; call her wife;
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
 know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)

Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you show not,
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
 Lay open to my earthly, gross conceit,
 Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labor you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then well I know,
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
 Far more, far more to you do I decline.
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote.
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
 And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death, that hath such means to die.—
 Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
 It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim;
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.
 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
 Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
 I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit *Luc.*

Enter from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio; thou art my man; thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease: and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face, nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of car-racks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch; and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbor in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possessed with such a gentle, sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself;

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine.
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespeak it not.

Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offered chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage.
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus.
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,

I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus, from the Courtesan's.

Off. That labor may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!

[*Exit DROMIO.*

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chained together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humor, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnished with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good seignior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No! bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will; have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.

I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now; Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humor out of breath. Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whe'er you'll answer me or no; If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.

Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail;

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum, That stays but till her owner comes aboard, And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir, I have conveyed aboard; and I have bought The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all, But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep, What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon;
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk,
That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it.
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.
On, officer, to prison, till it come.

[*Exeunt MER., ANG., Officer, and ANT.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceive austere in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Looked he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my
spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begged for you, he begged of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One, whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf; nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well; But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him; that can I tell. Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[Exit LUCIANA.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too. Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money; bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am pressed down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor called me in his shop,
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What,
have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case. He that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What ! thou mean'st an officer ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band ; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest.*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night ? May we begone ?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night ; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I ;
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now ;
Is that the chain you promised me to-day ?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan ?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse ; she is the devil's dam ; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench ; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me ? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio ?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping ?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised ;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone ; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock. Mistress, that you
know. [Exeunt ANT. and DRO.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad;
Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rushed into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attached in Ephesus.
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I
returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.
[Beating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return. Nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar went her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtesan, with PINCH, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man, To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers? Did this companion with a saffron face Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home,
Where 'would you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou!

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were locked, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorned you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; — my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborned the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! Heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessed;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. and DRO.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou, I am a prisoner; wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go, The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee; Bear me forthwith unto his creditor, And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it. Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! Wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. and DRO.* Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day Came to my house, and took away my ring, (The ring I saw upon his finger now,)

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is; I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords ; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, ADR., and LUC.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff from thence.
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night ; they will surely do
us no harm ; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold.
Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the
mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could
find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town ;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hindered you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteemed here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city ;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly ; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me ; I'll speak to him.
Seignior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honor and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold; hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—
Some get within him, take his sword away;
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory;—in, or we are spoiled.

[*Exeunt ANTIPH. and DRO. to the priory.*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Strayed his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprendered him.
Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Happily, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venom clamors of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing;

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraiding;

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hindered by thy brawls;

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,)

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distempers, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,

To be disturbed, would mad or man or beast;

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits

Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprendered him but mildly,

When he demeaned himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labor in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself;

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,

Till I have used the approved means I have,

With wholesome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit Abbess.*

Luc. Complain to the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five.
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; ÆGEON, bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him ;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away ; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them : then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband served me in my wars ;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me ;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself !
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire ;
And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ;
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool ; thy master and his man are here ;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;
I have not breathed almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress ; fly, begone.

Duke. Come, stand by me ; fear nothing. Guard with
halberds !

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband ! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible.

Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Aege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there,
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord; — myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman locked me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not packed with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats ; he with none returned.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By the way we met
 My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
 Of vile confederates ; along with them
 They brought one Pinch ; a hungry, lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
 Cries out I was possessed. Then altogether
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gained my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
 That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord ; and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart ;
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
 I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven !
 And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this !
 I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.
 If here you housed him, here he would have been ;
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.—
 You say, he dined at home ; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you ?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did ; and from my finger snatched that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go, call the abbess hither; I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Aege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word; Haply I see a friend will save my life, And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Aege. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus? And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour, I was his bondman, sir, But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords; Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Aege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves, we do remember, sir, by you; For lately we were bound as you are now. You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Aege. Why look you strange on me? You know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Aege. Oh! grief hath changed me, since you saw me last; And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand, Have written strange defeatures in my face: But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Aege. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Aege. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Aege. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity! Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue, In seven short years, that here my only son Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares? Though now this grained face of mine be hid In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow, And all the conduits of my blood froze up, Yet hath my night of life some memory, My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left, My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear; All these old witnesses (I cannot err) Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Aege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
VOL. II.—13

Thou know'st, we parted; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan, and DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wronged.

[*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not, or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholuses, these two so alike,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good
cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes.—

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day's error

Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.—

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons, and till this present hour,

My heavy burden here delivered.

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you, the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;

After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, *AEGEON*, Courtesan, Merchant, *ANGELO*, and Attendants.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio; Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. and ANT. E., ADR. and LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house, That kitchened me for you to-day at dinner; She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother: I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth. Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question; how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior; till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay; then thus; We came into the world, like brother and brother; And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt*.]

M A C B E T H.

(197)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, } his Sons.
DONALBAIN,

MACBETH, } Generals of the King's army.
BANQUO,

MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } Noblemen of Scotland.
MENTETH,
ANGUS,
CATHNESS,

FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.

YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open Place. Thunder and lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. WHEN shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath;

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls;—Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.]

SCENE II. *A Camp near Fores. Alarum within.*

Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
 The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
 And Fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
 Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valor's minion,
 Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
 So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark;
 No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
 Compelled these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
 But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbished arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
 As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report, they were
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell:—
 But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
 They smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should
 he look,
 That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Carbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us; —

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Heath. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched. *Give me,*
quoth I;

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.
 I will drain him dry as hay;
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid;
 Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
 Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wrecked, as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

3 Witch. A drum, a drum;
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about;
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace! — the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't called to Fores? — What are these,
 So withered, and so wild in their attire;
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. — You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; — what are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair? — I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having, and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favors, nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers; tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

Ang.

We are sent,

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed, and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor;
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange!
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor;—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more times,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.* Flourish.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me; thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither;
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name, hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland; which honor must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—This is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap. [Aside.
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. *Exeunt*

SCENE V. Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. *They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised.—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldest be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldest highly,
That wouldest thou holily; wouldest not play false,
And yet wouldest wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit Attendant.
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
 That no compunctionous visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell!
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see!
 Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters.—To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my despatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come,
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
 To alter favor ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Before the Castle.* *Hautboys.*
Servants of Macbeth attending.

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX,
 MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honored hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honors, deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well:
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room in the Castle. Hautboys and torches.*

Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
VOL. II.—14

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
 Commands the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking off;
 And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other—How now, what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supped. Why have you left
 the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
 He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valor,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem;

Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere; and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—
Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other?
As we shall make our griefs and clamor rear
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant, with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose.—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! [Exit BAN.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee;—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtained sleep; now withcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,

Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

The very stones prate of my whereabout,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold;
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.—Hark!—
peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their
 possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid, they have awaked,
 And 'tis not done;—the attempt, and not the deed,
 Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a
 noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
 Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried,
murder!

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
 But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
 Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *amen*, the other;
 As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
 Listening their fear, I could not say, *amen*,
 When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *amen*?
 I had most need of blessing, and *amen*
 Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;

*Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—*

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house.
Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking
At the south entry;—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[Knocking.] Hark! more
knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.
[Knock.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same.**Enter a Porter.*

[Knocking within.]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Who's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven. O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie, last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me. But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?— Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir !

Macb. Good-morrow, both !

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him ;
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labor, we delight in, physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit MACDUFF.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Macb. He does ;—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly ; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death ;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatched to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night ; some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

Macb. Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say ? The life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak ;
See and then speak yourselves.—Awake ! awake !—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*

Ring the alarm-bell ;—Murder ! and treason !

Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !

Shake off this drowsy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—Up, up, and see
 The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights
 To countenance this horror! [Bell rings.]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak,
Macd. O, gentle lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
 The repetition in a woman's ear,
 Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murdered!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
 What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
 Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
 And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality.
 All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it.
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't.
 Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
 Upon their pillows.
 They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet, I do repent me of my fury,
 That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance. There, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Couragé, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why de we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken,
Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brewed.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady;—

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them.
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office

Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Without the Castle.*

Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and
certain,) Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That looked upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still.
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up

Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;—
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now—King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. *Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.—

[Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?]

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.— [Exit Atten.]

To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,

My genius is rebuked; as, it said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hailed him father to a line of kings;
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
 Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call,

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
 Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self. This I made good to you
 In our last conference, passed in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand; how crossed; the instruments;
 Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
 To half a soal, and to a notion crazed,
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled
 To pray for that good man, and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand has bowed you to the grave,
 And beggared yours forever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
 All by the name of dags. The valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
 So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life. And though I could
 With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love;
 Masking the business from the common eye,
 For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
 hour, at most,
 I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on't: for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace; always thought,
 That I require a clearness. And with him
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)

Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
 I'll come to you anon.

2 Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
 It is concluded.—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[Exit.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content.
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
 Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
 With them they think on? Things without remedy
 Should be without regard; what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it;
 She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.
 But let the frame of things disjoint,
 Both the worlds suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams
 That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on, gentle my lord;
 VOL. II.—15

Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo: present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe, the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rocky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,

To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down.

[Assaults BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

3 Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatched?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats. Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.—
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness, sit?
[The ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends.—My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.]

Lady M. What! quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the general weal;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.— Give me some wine; fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
'Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!— Why, so;— being gone,
I am a man again.— Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night.—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt* Lords and Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have,
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will, to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use.—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V. *The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now. Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms and every thing beside;
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that, distilled by magic sleights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] *Come away, come away, &c.*
 Hark, I am called; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.
 1 Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back
 again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret further: only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead.—
 And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
 Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and Donalbain,
 To kill their gracious father? Damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight,

In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For, 'twould have angered any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well; and I do think,
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
 (As, an't please Heaven, he shall not,) they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But peace! — for from broad words, and 'cause he failed
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself.

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court; and is received
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honors,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate the king, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.

Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len.

And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron, boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
 2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.
 3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
 1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;
 In the poisoned entrails throw.—
 Toad, that under coldest stone,
 Days and nights hast thirty-one
 Sweltered venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the caldron boil and bake:
 Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
 Witch's mummy; maw and gulf
 Of the ravined salt-sea shark;
 Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew;
 Gall of goat; and slips of yew,
 Slivered in the moon's eclipse;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-delivered by a drab,—
 Make the gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a tiger's chawdron,
 For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles totter on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them; let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright.—But one word more;—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree
in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty.

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?

[Hautboys.

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight kings appear, and pass over the stage in order; the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs;—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—

A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more.—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I sec,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry;
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so.—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;

And damned all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch:—for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again;
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor
lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not
set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must
be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and
hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how
wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly. Why, then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm? — What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-eared villain.

Mur. What, you egg! [Stabbing him.
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother;
Run away, I pray you. [Dies.

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying murder,
and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III. England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfallen birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds.

As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishoners,
But mine own safeties.—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—Wear thou thy
wrongs;—

Thy title is affeered!—Fare thee well, lord.
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash.
Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd.

What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms:

Macd.

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damned
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal.

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd.

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal.

With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd.

This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust: and it hath been

The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
 Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
 With other graces weighed.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
 No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accursed,
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banished me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
 That hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste; but God above
 Deal between thee and me! For even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman; never was forsown;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow; and delight

No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's to command;
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray
 you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
 That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil;
 A most miraculous work in this good king;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 To speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
 The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
 Be called our mother; but our grave; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
 Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce asked, for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
 Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
 Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave
 them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
 Of many worthy fellows that were out;
 Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
 Now is the time of help! Your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
 To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
 We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
 Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
 An older, and a better soldier, none
 That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
 This comfort with the like! but I have words,
 That would be howled out in the desert air,
 Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
 The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
 Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
 But in it shares some woe; though the main part
 Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surprised; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children, too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed too?

Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart; enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! this is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! Out, I say!—One, Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not; I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so!

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit LADY MACBETH.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.— God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night. My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colors, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burns in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there!

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed;
Meet we the medicin of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
 I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequence, have pronounced me thus:—
Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, false thanes,
 And mingle with the English epicures:
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
 Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
 Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at
 heart,
 When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have lived long enough: my way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
 Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
 Give me my armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armor.
 How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff;—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me;
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Country near Dunsinane; a Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colors, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Sir. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe,
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V. Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colors, MACBETH, SEYTON, and
Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were int'. I have supped full with horrors;
Direnness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pall in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarm-bell. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colors, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Another Part of the Plain.**Enter MACBETH.*

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bearlike, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter Young SIWARD.**Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?*Macb.* Thou'l't be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and Young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again unheeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarum.*]*Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.*

Siw. This way, my lord.—The castle's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;

The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Sir. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee;
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Macb. Thou losest labor:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colors, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LEXON, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field; your cause of
sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
And so his knell is knolled.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head on a pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiendlike queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place;
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

K I N G J O H N.

(259)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards King Henry III.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke of*
Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.

WILLIAM MARSHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, chief Justiciary of*
England.

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to*
King Richard the First.

JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

Archduke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

ELINOR, *the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King*
John.

CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece*
to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard, and Robert*
Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers,
Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

KING JOHN.

A C T I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.

King John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France, In my behavior, to the majesty, The borrowed majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrowed majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island, and the territories; To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine; Desiring thee to lay aside the sword, Which sways usurpingly these several titles, And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war, To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood, Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace. Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; For ere thou canst report I will be there, The thunder of my cannon shall be heard. So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

(261)

And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honorable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.*]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love!
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful, bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me.
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP,
his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge.— What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine.

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.

Heaven guard my mother's honor, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slandered me with bastardy:

But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O, old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!
Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face:

The accent of his tongne affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father:
With that half-face would he have all my land.
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be how he employed my mother.

Rob. And once despatched him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourned at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak.
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claimed this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods;
My arms such eel-skins stuffed; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land; I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
thou bear'st.

Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great:
Arise, sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honor, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth. What though?
Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu. Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honor better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.—

Good den, sir Richard.—*God-a-mercy, fellow!*—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honor doth forget men's names;

'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

For your conversion. Now your traveller,—

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;

And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize

My picked man of countries.—*My dear sir,*

(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,) *I shall beseech you*—That is question now;

And then comes answer like an A B C-book.—

O, sir, says answer, *at your best command;*

At your employment; at your service, sir.—

No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours;*

And, so, ere answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself.
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? Hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? Where is he,
 That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! ay, thou unreverend boy,
 Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
 He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip? — sparrow! — James,
 There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
 Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
 Sir Robert could do well; marry, (to confess!)
 Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
 We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother,
 To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
 Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honor?
 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,— Basilisco-like,
What! I am dubbed; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son,
I have disclaimed sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father.
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed.—
Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin.

Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces;
on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS,
CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,

Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave;
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance, hither is he come,
 To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love.

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! who would not do thee right

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,—
 Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,—
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their
 swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town.—
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages.—
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot, rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humors of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat.
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlooked-for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavor for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEM-
BROKE, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace!
 England we love; and, for that England's sake,
 With burden of our armor here we sweat.
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face,—
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
 This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
 And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
 How comes it, then, that thou art called a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
 France,
 To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good
 thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right—
 That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer; —thy usurping son.
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
 That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world.

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
 Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
 Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
 My boy a bastard! by my soul, I think,
 His father never was so true begot;
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An' a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith,

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon.—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, wh'er she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth;

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
 The dominations, royalties, and rights,
 Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
 Infortunate in nothing but in thee.
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
 The canon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Beldam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
 That he's not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague
 On this removed issue, plagued for her,
 And with her plague, her sin; his injury
 Her injury, the beadle to her sin;
 All punished in the person of this child,
 And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? A will! a wicked will;
 A woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate.
 It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
 Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warned us to the walls.

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
 You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
 Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—therefore, hear us first.—
 These flags of France, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither marched to your endamagement.
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
 All preparation for a bloody siege,
 And merciless proceeding by these French,
 Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
 And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratched your city's threatened cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labored spirits,
Forewearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harborage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vowed upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
Is the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence sealed up.
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven,
And, with a blessed and unvexed retire,
With unhacked swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffered offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbored in their rude circumference.

Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swunged the dragon, and e'er
since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence.—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [To AUSTRIA.] with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[To LEWIS.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat.*

Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;

Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground.
 Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolored earth;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot, malicious day!
 Their armors, that marched hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France;
 Our colors do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first marched forth;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured.
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered blows;
 Strength matched with strength, and power confronted
 power.

Both are alike; and both alike we like.
 One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power; Elinor,
BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the other, KING PHILIP,
LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
 Say, shall the current of our right run on?
 Whose passage, vexed with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell,
 With course disturbed, even thy confining shores;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead;
 Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
 In undetermined differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?
1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
 And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates;
 Kinged of our fears; until our fears, resolved,
 Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,
 kings;
 And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences, be ruled by me;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
 Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawled down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city;
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,

Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strength,
 And part your mingled colors once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion;
 To whom in favor she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
 Being wronged, as we are, by this peevish town,—
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy wall;
 And when that we have dashed them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder, from the south,
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! from north to south,
 Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth. [Aside.
 I'll stir them to't.—Come, away, away!

1 Cit. Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe a while to stay,
 And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
 Win you this city without stroke or wound;
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
 That here come sacrifices for the field.
 Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favor; we are bent to hear.

1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
 Is near to England; look upon the years
 Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid.
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young dauphin every way complete.
 If not complete, O say, he is not she;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he.
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she;
 And she a fair, divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance; but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
 Out of his rags! here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas!
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
 What cannonier begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
 Our ears are cudgelled; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France.
 Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words,
 Since I first called my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match.
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France;
 Mark, how they whisper. Urge them, while their souls

Are capable of this ambition!
 Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward
 first

To speak unto this city. What say you?

K. John. If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen;
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea
 (Except this city now by us besieged)
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
 In titles, honors, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? Look in the lady's
 face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself formed in her eye;
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
 I do protest, I never loved myself,
 Till now infixed I beheld myself
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[Whispers with BLANCH.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
 Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
 And quartered in her heart!—He doth espy
 Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,
 That hanged, and drawn, and quartered, there should be,
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.
 If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will;
 Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,) That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honor still to do What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak, then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine, Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.— Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips, too; for I am well assured That I did so, when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates; Let in that amity which you have made; For, at Saint Mary's chapel, presently, The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.— Is not the lady Constance in this troop?— I know she is not; for this match, made up, Her presence would have interrupted much.— Where is she and her son? Tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.— Brother of England, how may we content This widow lady? In her right we came; Which we, God knows, have turned another way, To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all; For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne, And earl of Richmond; and this rich, fair town We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance; Some speedy messenger bid her repair To our solemnity.—I trust we shall, If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlooked-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armor conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifference,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;—
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honorable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet.
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail;
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood joined! gone to be friends!
 Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
 Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again.
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so.
 I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man;
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punished for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;
 Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears;
 And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
 With my vexed spirits, I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
 Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
 France friend with England! what becomes of me?
 Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care; I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose; but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath plucked on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John.—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsaken?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge, firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.

[She throws herself on the ground.

*Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR,
Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival.
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold.

The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!— [Rising.]
What hath this day deserved? What hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crossed;
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun, come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawned to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touched, and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured, too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven.—
 To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
 And from pope Innocent the legate here,
 Do, in his name, religiously demand,
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
 This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
 Add this much more,—that no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
 But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
 So under him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
 So tell the pope: all reverence set apart,
 To him and his usurped authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with révénue cherish;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canonized, and worshipped as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend.

• Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new, untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,

Which only lives but by the death of faith,
 That need must needs infer this principle,—
 That faith would live again by death of need.
 O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
 Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
 If thou stand excommunicate, and cursed ?

K. Phi. Good, reverend father, make my person yours,
 And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit ;

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and linked together

With all religious strength of sacred vows ;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;—

And even before this truce, but new before,—

No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstained

With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings :—

And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,

So newly joined in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet ?

Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with Heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm,

Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity ? O, holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so.

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order ; and then we shall be blessed

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,

Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A cased lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
 And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven performed;
 That is, to be the champion of our church!
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself.
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss when it is truly done;
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it.
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burned.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion;
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath. The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against those giddy, loose suggestions;
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee;
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?

Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
 Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud, churlish drums,—
 Clamors of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
 O, husband, hear me!—Ah, slack! how new
 Is husband in my mouth! Even for that name,
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
 Forethought by Heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
 His honor. O, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banished majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
 Is it as he will? Well, then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood. Fair day, adieu!
 Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,
 They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be played.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[Exit Bastard.

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

VOL. II.—19

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire
Look to thyself; thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's
hie! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers. Alarums; Excursions.*

Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety; fear you not.
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labor to a happy end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Alarums; Excursions; Retreat.*

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad; [To ELINOR.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was. [To ARTHUR.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [To the Bastard.] away for England.
Haste before;

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set thou at liberty; the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.

I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.

[Exit Bastard.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[She takes ARTHUR aside.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love;
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go;
The sum is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience.—If the midnight-bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;) .
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;—
Then, in despite of brooded, watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I'd do't.

K. John.

Do not I know, thou would'st?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee;
Remember.—Madam, fare you well.
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin;
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified.
So hot a speed, with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O, fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance: I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
I am not mad;—I would to Heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself.
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be delivered of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,

*O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!*

But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,

There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him. Therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought, but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatched with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch, your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scape of nature, no distempered day,
 No common wind, no customed event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, presages, and tongues of Heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
 But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
 If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
 Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
 Than I have named!—The bastard Faulconbridge
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity. If but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand English to their side;
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble dauphin,
 Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent.
 Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
 For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions. Let us go;
 If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
 Within the arras. When I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair. Be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Atten. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look to't.—
 [Exeunt Attendants.
 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
 Methinks nobody should be sad but I;
 Yet I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me:
 He is afraid of me, and I of him.
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is't not; and I would to Heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead.
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. *[Aside.]*
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day:
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick;

That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur. *[Showing a paper.]* How now,
 foolish rheum! *[Aside.]*

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender, womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had; a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
 Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*
 Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning; do, an if you will;
 If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench his fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [Stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me; my eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word;
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Atten. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose you eyes.

Arth. O Heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes. See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The king takes his state.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous. You were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any longed-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain, old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashioned robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crowned,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleased;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with. Mean time, but ask
What you would have reformed, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit this youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye, that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so feared he had a charge to do.

Sal. The color of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,

Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answered, either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achieved by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm.
Pour down thy weather; — how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learned by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust; the first of April, died

Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
 The lady Constance in a frenzy died
 Three days before: but this from rumor's tongue
 I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
 O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
 My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
 How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
 Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
 That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
 With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
 To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
 My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
 Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
 Under the tide; but now I breathe again
 Aloft the flood; and can give audience
 To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
 The sums I have collected shall express.
 But, as I travelled hither through the land,
 I find the people strangely fantasied;
 Possessed with rumors, full of idle dreams;
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
 And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 With many hundreds treading on his heels:
 To whom he sung, in rude, harsh-sounding rhymes,
 That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
 Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
 And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
 Deliver him to safety, and return,
 For I must use thee.—O, my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*
 Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it.
 Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,

(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
 And others more, going to seek the grave
 Of Arthur, who, they say, is killed to-night
 On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
 And thrust thyself into their companies.
 I have a way to win their loves again;
 Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
 O, let me have no subject enemies,
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
 Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels;
 And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful, noble gentleman.—
 Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
 And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night;
 Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
 The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear;
 And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
 Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattailed and ranked in Kent.

Another lean, unwashed artifcer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urg'est thou so oft young Arthur's death.
Thy hand hath murdered him; I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, whea the last account 'twixt Heaven and
earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspéct,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me moare!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with raaks of foreign powers;

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies;
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slandered nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul, imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
Whose private with me, of the dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward ; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distempered lords !
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossessed himself of us ;
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak
With our pure honors, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief ;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doomed this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ? Could thought, without this object,
Form such another ? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms ; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this ;
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue.
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king;—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
Avant, thou hateful villain; get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[Drawing his sword.]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By Heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: Whose tongue e'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury.
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who killed this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.
I honored him, I loved him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those ewaning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.
Away, with me, all you, whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house,
For I am stidied with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

Exeunt Lords.

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damned as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damned than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou drown thyself
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was imbounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
 I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up:
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm,
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
 To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
 The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
 Now, for the bare-picked bone of majesty,
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace;
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the king.
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again

[*Giving JOHN the crown.*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word. Go meet the French;
 And from his holiness use all your power
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.
 Our discontented counties do revolt;
 Our people quarrel with obedience;
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
 This inundation of mistempered humor
 Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be ministered,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But Heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle. London hath received,
Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,

And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
 O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
 And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him;
 And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
 Led by the dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
 Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
 To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
 A cockered, silken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colors idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms.
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.
Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance.
 Return the precedent to these lords again;
 That having our fair order written down,
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal, and unurged faith,
 To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemned revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
 By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side,
 To be a widow-maker; O, and there,

Where honorable rescue and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury ;
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends !
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colors here ?
What, here ?—O nation, that thou couldst remove !
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore ;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighborly !

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this ;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect !
Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation ;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm :
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
That never saw the giant world enraged ;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself.—So, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake.
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France;
The next is this,— King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome;
Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this châstised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I,
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have banked their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game.
To win this easy match played for a crown?

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And culled these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak.—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared; and reason too, he should.
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harnessed mask, and unadvised revel,
This unhaired sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, locked up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No;—know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his eyry towers,

To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the wound
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
 For your own ladies, and pale-visaged maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace.
 We grant, thou canst outcold us; fare thee well;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
 Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
 And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
 An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouthed thunder; for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath used rather for sport than need)
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
 A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Field of Battle. Alarums.*

Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me,
 Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
 Lies heavy on me. O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the dauphin here,
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead. To my litter straight;
Weakness posseaseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet.
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar of Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you:
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
 Why should I then be false, since it is true
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsown, if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east;
 But even this night,—whose black, contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
 Paying the fine of rated treachery,
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Command me to one Hubert, with your king;
 The love of him—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumor of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—and beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favor and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight!
 And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*

SCENE V. *The same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set;
 But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measured backward their own ground
 In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,

After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering colors clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul, shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An open place in the Neighborhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought!
I will, upon all hazards, well believe,
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should escape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk.
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out. The king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? The lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power! —
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of Swininstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit BIGOT.*]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN
in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poisoned,—ill fare; dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much;
I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you.

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable, condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent emotion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

VOL. II.—21

K. John. O, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye.
 The tackle, of my heart is cracked and burned;
 And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod
 And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The dauphin is preparing hitherward;
 Where, Heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;
 For, in a night, the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the washes, all unwarily,
 Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
 My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
 When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
 To do the office for thee of revenge;
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
 Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
 Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
 And instantly return with me again,
 To push destruction and perpetual shame
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
 Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
 The dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we.
 The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
 Who half an hour since came from the dauphin;
 And brings from him such offers of our peace
 As we with honor and respect may take,
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
 Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
 For many carriages he hath despatched
 To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
 To the disposing of the cardinal;
 With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post
 To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so;—and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interred;
For so he willed it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlasting.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.

KING RICHARD II.

(325)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDMUND of Langley, *Duke of York*, } Uncles to the
JOHN of Gaunt, *Duke of Lancaster*, } King.
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford*,
Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.

Duke of Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of York*.

MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk*.

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley.

BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } Creatures to King Richard.
GREEN, }

Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, his Son.

Lord Ross. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

SIR PIERCE of Exton. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloster.

Duchess of York.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper,
Measenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersedly in England and Wales.*

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, attended; JOHN of GAUNT, and other Nobles with him.

King Richard. OLD John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aimed at your highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused, freely speak.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

High stomached are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness,
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come:
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (Heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,—
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee;
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain.
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hushed, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had returned
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale, trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;

And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
 It must be great, that can inherit us
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
 That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
 The which he hath detained for lewd employments,
 Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
 That ever was surveyed by English eye,—
 That all the treasons for these eighteen years
 Complotted and contrived in this land,
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
 Further I say,—and further will maintain
 Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
 That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
 Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
 And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
 Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood;
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
 And by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
 Till I have told this slander of his blood,
 How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,

(As he is but my father's brother's son,) Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow, Such neighbor-nearness to our sacred blood Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize The unstooping firmness of my upright soul. He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou; Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart, Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest! Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais, Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers: The other part reserved I by consent; For that my sovereign liege was in my debt, Upon remainder of a dear account, Since last I went to France to fetch his queen. Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,— I slew him not, but, to my own disgrace, Neglected my sworn duty in that case.— For you, my noble lord of Lancaster, The honorable father to my foe, Once did I lay in ambush for your life— A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul; But, ere I last received the sacrament, I did confess it; and exactly begged Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it. This is my fault. As for the rest appealed, It issues from the rancor of a villain, A recreant and most degenerate traitor; Which in myself I boldly will defend; And interchangeably hurl down my gage Upon this overweening traitor's foot, To prove myself a loyal gentleman Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom. In haste whereof, most heartily I pray Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me. Let's purge this choler without letting blood: This we prescribe, though no physician; Deep malice makes too deep incision: Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed; Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.— Good uncle, let this end where it begun; We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age. Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.
Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave)
To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled here;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withheld;
Give me his gage;—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots; take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barred up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dared dastard! Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit GAUNT.*

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashioned thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair;
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
Thou shov'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.
Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for Heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caused his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To Heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight;
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff, recreant to my cousin Hereford!
 Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,
 With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry.
 As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more.—Grief boundeth where it falls,
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.
 I take my leave before I have begun;
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
 Lo, this is all.—Nay, yet depart not so:
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
 I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
 But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
 And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?
 Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Gosford Green, near Coventry. *Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds, &c. attending.*

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepared, and stay
 For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armor, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms.
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
As so defend thee Heaven, and thy valor!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which Heaven defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

[He takes his seat.]

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armor; preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by Heaven's grace, and my body's valor,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty;
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a lone and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear;
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [To lord marshal.] I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [To GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armor with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings' steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'bavior of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse, pernicious enemy.
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!
[He takes his seat.

Nor. [Rising.] However, Heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden, uncontrolled enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
 Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
 As gentle and as jocund as to jest,
 Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I espy
 Virtue with valor couched in thine eye.—
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [Rising.] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—
 Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas
 duke of Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 Both to defend himself, and to approve
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;
 Courageously, and with a free desire,
 Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
 [A charge sounded.
 Stay; the king hath thrown his warden down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
 And both return back to their chairs again.
 Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound,
 While we return these dukes what we decree.

[A long flourish.
 Draw near, [To the Combatants.
 And list, what with our council we have done.
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
 Of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbors' swords ;
 And for we think the eagle-winged pride
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 With rival-hating envy, set you on
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet, infant breath of gentle sleep ;
 Which so roused up with boisterous, untuned drums,
 With harsh, resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—
 Therefore, we banish you our territories.—
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
 Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,
 Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,—
 That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce
 The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—
 The hopeless word of — *never to return*,
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth :
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
 The language I have learned these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego :
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstrunged viol or a harp ;
 Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you have enjailed my tongue,
 Doubly portcullised, with my teeth, and lips ;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my jailer to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now ;

What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [Retiring.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banished hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to Heaven
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer.—
You never shall (so help you truth and Heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy.—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land.
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished, as from hence!
But what thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banished years
Plucked four away.—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [To BOLING.] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile.

But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give.
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banished upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild;
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroyed.
Alas, I looked, when some of you should say
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; — and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt K. RICH. and Train.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil; wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honor,
And not—the king exiled thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strewed;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell: sweet soil,
adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the King's Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; AUMERLE following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none by me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with
him?

Aum. Farewell:
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthened hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people;—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland:—
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege;
 Ere further leisure yield them further means
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
 And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light;
 We are enforced to farm our royal realm;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he.

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, Heaven, in his physician's mind,
 To help him to his grave immediately!
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him;
 'Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in Ely-house.* GAUNT on a couch; the DUKE OF YORK, and others standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
 In wholesome counsel to his unstayed youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
 For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
 For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

He, that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glaze;
More are men's ends marked, than their lives before:

The setting sun and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopped with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy, apish nation
Limbs after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.
His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son :
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it,)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

Enter KING RICHARD and Queen; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
 For young, hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. Rich. What comfort, man ? How is't with aged Gaunt ?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition !

Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old.

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?
 For sleeping England long time have I watched ;
 Watching breeds leanness ; leanness is all gaunt.
 The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast, I mean — my children's looks ;
 And, therin fasting, hast thou made me gaunt ;
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inhabits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

Gaunt. No ; misery makes sport to mock itself :

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

Gaunt. No, no ; men living, flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st — thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O, no ; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill ;
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee, seeing ill.

Thy deathbed is no lesser than thy land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
 And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land;
 O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
 Which art possessed now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease;
 But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king;
 Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
 And thou—

K. Rich. —a lunatic, lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapped out, and drunkenly caroused.
 My brother Gloster, plain, well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
 Join with the present sickness that I have,
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
 Love they to live, that love and honor have.

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words

To wayward sickliness and age in him.
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true; as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough, rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so looked he,
Accomplished with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frowned, it was against the French,
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardoned, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offered homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while; my liege, farewell.
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always loved us well.—
Come on, our queen; to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.

[Exeunt King, Queen, BUSHY, AUMERLE,
GREEN, and BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak
more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou wouldest speak, to the duke of
Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Berest and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore Heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pilled with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devised;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what.
But what, o' God's name doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warred he hath not,
But basely yielded, upon compromise,
That which his ancestors achieved with blows.
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banished duke.

North. His noble kinsman; most degenerate king:
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland :
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard, earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norberry, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
Quoint,—

All these well furnished by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps, they had ere this ; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg.
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse ! Urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad.
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did ; to please myself,
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet again, methinks,

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
Distinguish form. So your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, looked on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less. Conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty! — and well met, gentlemen.—

I hope the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true; and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have; whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping, new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joined.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!—
Uncle,
For Heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts.
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.—
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your worship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do.—I would to Heaven
(So my untruth had not provoked him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's—
What, are there posts despatched for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say; pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, provide some
carts,
And bring away the armor that is there.— [*Exit Servant.*]
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other, again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.
I should to Plashy too;—
But time will not permit.—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their heart with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemned.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell; if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high, wild hills, and rough, uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswole, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel;
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoyed. By this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

VOL. II.—23

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health
of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banished traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enriched,
Shall be your love and labor's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labor to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

Berk. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honor out.—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

[*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut! grace me no grace, nor uncle me.
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why:—why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?

Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason.
Thou art a banished man, and here art come.
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banished, I was banished Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrained, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employed.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law. Attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.
Rose. It stands your grace upon to do him right.
Wilt. Base men by his endowments are made great.
York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labored all I could to do him right.
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own; and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,

Because my power is weak, and all ill left.
 But, if I could,—by him that gave me life!—
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
 But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
 Unless you please to enter in the castle,
 And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
 But we must win your grace, to go with us
 To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
 By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
 The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
 Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
 For I am loath to break our country's laws.
 Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
 Things past redress, are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
 Therefore we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman.
 The king reposeth all his confidence
 In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
 The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
 The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change;
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other, to enjoy by rage and war.

These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
 Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assured, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY,
WILLOUGHBY, ROSS. Officers *behind*, with BUSHY and
GREEN, *prisoners*.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stooped my neck under your injuries,
And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my seigniories,
Disparked my parks, and felled my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.—See them delivered over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them despatched.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, and others,
with Prisoners.]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
 For Heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated.
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
 Take special care my greetings be delivered.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatched
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away,
 To fight with Glendower and his complices;
 Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*
Flourish: drums and trumpets.

*Enter KING RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and
 Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.

As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles, in meeting,
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favor with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul, rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you
 king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,

And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffered means of succor and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revelled in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king.
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord;
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favorites of a king. Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care!
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too; and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable, stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard, bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have armed their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff, unwieldy arms against thy crown;

The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat; both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill:
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damned without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands; those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murdered.—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall; and—farewell, king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while.
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends.—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
 And fight and die, is death destroying death;
 Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I
 come
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague-fit of fear is overblown;
 An easy task it is, to win our own.—
 Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day;
 So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer, by small and small,
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.—
 Your uncle York hath joined with Bolingbroke;
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
 Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[To AUMERLE.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
 What say you now? What comfort have we now?
 By Heaven, I'll hate him everlasting,
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 That power I have, discharge; and let them go
 To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none.—Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers; let them hence.—Away,
 From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Wales. *A Plain before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colors, BOLINGBROKE and Forces;
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
 The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
 With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
 Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland
 To say—king Richard.—Alack the heavy day,
 When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
 Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
 Would you have been so brief with him, he would
 Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
 For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
 Lest you mis-take; the Heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
 Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is manned, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king. King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle,
Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:

Harry Bolingbroke
Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repealed,
And lands restored again, be freely granted;
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen;
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh, green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the
castle, with a trumpet.

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle's tottered battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parley sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Flourish. Enter, on the walls, KING RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing, discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*]

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet, know,—my Master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms

Be rushed upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
 And by the honorable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones ;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;
 And by the worth and honor of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
 His coming hither hath no further scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees ;
 Which on the royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns ;
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplished without contradiction.
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commands.—
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To AUMERLE.
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words,
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth ! O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
 Or that I could forget what I have been !
 Or not remember what I must be now !
 Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?
 The king shall do it. Must he be deposed ?
 The king shall be contented. Must he lose
 The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go.
 I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads ;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;

My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
 My figured goblets, for a dish of wood;
 My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
 A little, little grave, an obscure grave;—
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
 And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
 Aumerle, thou weep'st. My tender-hearted cousin!—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 As thus:—to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digged their graves with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke? Will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTH. retires to BOLING.
 In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
 For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

[Exeunt from above.

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man.
 Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty.—
 My gracious lord,—

[Kneeling.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [Touching his own head.] although your
knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours; and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve;—they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich.

Then I must not say, no.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Langley. Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl,
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy.

For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. "Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldest please me better, wouldst thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricots,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight!
Give some supportance to the bending twigs,—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace!—
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king.—O! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land,

As we this garden ! We at time of year
 Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;
 Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound itself.
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
 Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What, think you, then, the king shall be deposed ?

Gard. Depressed he is already ; and deposed,
 'Tis doubt, he will be. Letters came last night
 To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am pressed to death,
 Through want of speaking ! — Thou, old Adam's likeness,
 [Coming from her concealment.

Set to dress this garden, how dares
 Thy harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing news ?
 What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
 To make a second fall of cursed man ?
 Why dost thou say, king Richard is deposed ?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
 Cam'st thou by these ill tidings ? Speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I,
 To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true.
 King Richard he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weighed.
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light ;
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so ;
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
 And am I last that knows it ? O, thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast.— Come, ladies, go,
 To meet, at London, London's king in woe.—
 What, was I born to this ! that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?—

Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall. *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who performed
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath delivered.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blessed this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honor soiled
With the attainer of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. I say thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base,
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valor stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damned to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest. His honor is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollaed in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honor's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? By Heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true. You were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonorable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,

Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honor's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies. Here do I throw down this,
If he may be repealed to try his honor.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repealed; repealed he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his land and seigniories. When he's returned,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honorable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence, may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
'Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobless would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God;
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by Heaven, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist, let it not be so,
Lest child's child's children cry against you!—wee!

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view

He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
Little are we beholden to your love, [To CAR.
And little looked for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with KING RICHARD, and Officers, bearing the crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favors of these men. Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? Well, then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if Heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the
crown;
Here on this side, my hand; and on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water.
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won.

The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revénues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny.
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved;
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save king Henry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

North.

No more, but that you read

[Offering a paper.

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldest,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of Heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates

Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undock the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base, and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd.—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)—
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed

Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
 Was this the face, that faced so many follies,
 And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:
 As brittle as the glory in the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.—
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
 How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
 The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
 The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
 And these external manners of lament
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
 That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
 There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
 Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:
 For, when I was a king, my flatterers
 Were then but subjects: being now a subject,
 I have a king here to my flatterer.
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey? — Conveyers are you all,
 That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. Rich., some Lords, and a Guard.*

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
 Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle,
 and Aumerle.*

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
 Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doomed a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither. Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honor; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favored grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this; I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister there in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformed and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Deposed thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpowered; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly; kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France;
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;—
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland. I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being
short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [They kiss.]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [Kiss again.]
So now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay.
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

Enter York and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude, misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—*God save thee, Bolingbroke!*
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes.
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespeak them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen;*
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, *God save him*;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honor I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son, Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend;
And, madam, you must call him Ratland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropped before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? Hold those jousts and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it;
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is entered into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it and reads.]

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [Enter a Servant.
Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.—
Now, by mine honor, by my life, my troth,
I will impeach the villain. [Exit Servant.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots; I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amazed.
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—

[*To the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots, I say..

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond, mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here. Then what is that to him?

York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would impeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groaned for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind;
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

[*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee. Away;
Begone.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE as king; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son? 'Tis full three months since I did see him last.— If any plague hang over us, 'tis he. I would to God, my lords, he might be found. Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there, For there, they say, he daily doth frequent, With unrestrained, loose companions; Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes, And beat our watch and rob our passengers; While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy, Takes on the point of honor, to support So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince, And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,— he would unto the stews, And from the commonest creature pluck a glove, And wear it as a favor; and with that He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both I see some sparkles of a better hope, Which elder days may happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty, To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.— [Exeunt PERCY and Lords.]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. Forever may my knees grow to the earth, [Kneels.] My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth, Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault? If but the first, how heinous e'er it be, To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key, That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [AUM. locks the door.]

York. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king.
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past.
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king.
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honor lives, when his dishonor dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonor lies.
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [Within.] What, ho, my liege! for God's sake,
let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager
cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begged before.

Boling. Our scene is altered,—from a serious thing,
And now changed to *The Beggar and the King.*—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for his forgiveness, prosper may.
This festered joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs another traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech.

Forever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*]
York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*]

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face.
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside;
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never longed to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how.

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet;

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy.*

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ay, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there,
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are,
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath prayed, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee new.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he
spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully looked on me;
 As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
 That would divorce this terror from my heart;
 Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
 I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.**Enter KING RICHARD.*

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world;
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
 My soul, the father; and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world;
 In humors, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort—
 As thoughts of things divine—are intermixed
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word;
 As thus, *Come, little ones;* and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain, weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
 That many have, and others must sit there;
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endured the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented. Sometimes am I king,
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am. Then crushing penury
 Persuades me, I was better when a king;
 Then am I kinged again: and, by-and-by

Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear?
[Music.]
 Ha, ha ! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
 So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear
 To check time broke in a disordered string ;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numbering clock ;
 My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours ;—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
 This music mads me ; let it sound no more ;
 For, though it have holp madmen to their wits,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad ;
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !
 For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer ;
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou, and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my (sometimes royal) master's face.
 O, how it yearned my heart, when I beheld,
 In London streets, that coronation day,
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !

That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dressed!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdained the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-galled, and tired by jaunting Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[To the Groom.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall
say. [Exit.

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Beats the Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude
assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another, and then Exton strikes
him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [Dies.

Exton. As full of valor, as of royal blood.
Both have I spilled! O, 'would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
 Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
 This dead king to the living king I'll bear;
 Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle. Flourish.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
 Is—that the rebels have consumed with fire
 Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
 But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
 The next news is,—I have to London sent
 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.
 The manner of their taking may appear
 At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
 The heads of Brocas and sir Bennet Seely;
 Two of the dangerous, consorted traitors,
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
 With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
 Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
 But here is Carlisle living to abide
 Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word nor princely favor.
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt.*]

**FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.**

(395)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } Sons to the King.
Prince JOHN of Lancaster, }

Earl of Westmoreland, } Friends to the King.
SIR WALTER BLUNT, }

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed Hotspur, his Son.*

EDWARD MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS. GADSHILL.

PETO. BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *Wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.*

MRS. QUICKLY, *Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE. England.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
and others.*

King Henry. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find me a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,

(397)

For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered;
 Upon whose dead corpses there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, matched with other, did, my gracious lord;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holyrood-day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As, by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention, did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stained with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 Balked in their own blood, did sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas, and the earls of Athol,

Of Murray, Angus, and Monteith.
And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son;
A son, who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then I would have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake, earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack,
and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon
benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that
truly which thou wouldest truly know. What the devil hast

thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair, hot wench in flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldest be so superfluous to demand the time of day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace—(majesty I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,) —

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon. And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in; now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent
that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag,
shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art
king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty
curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou
art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt
have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hang-
man.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my
humor, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman
hath no lean wardrobe. "Sblood, I am as melancholy as a
gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy
of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes; and art, indeed,
the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,
—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity.
I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of
good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council
rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I
marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I re-
garded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street
too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the
streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed,
able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon
me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee,
Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak
truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over
this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not,
I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in
Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad I'll make one; an I do not,
call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from
praying, to purse-taking.

VOL. II.—26

Enter Poins, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. Poins! — Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have visors for you all; you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen summer. [Exit FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself, and I, will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness.
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base, contagious clouds,
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapors, that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;
 But, when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behavior I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,
HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
 Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us; when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak.

[To NORTH.]

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is delivered to your majesty.
Either envy, therefore, or misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there
Took it in snuff;—and still he smiled, and talked;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign't thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so be unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damned Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war.—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who, then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower.
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son.—
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them;—I will after straight,
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? Stay, and pause
 awhile;
 Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
 'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
 [*To WORCESTER.*

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
 And when I urged the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,
 And on my face he turned an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaimed,
 By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation.
 And then it was, when the unhappy king
 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
 Upon his Irish expedition;
 From whence he, intercepted, did return
 To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wished him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet, lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you arefooled, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banished honors, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim;
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,

And let them grapple.—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By Heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them.
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you,
Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,—
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg—

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true.—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*When his infant fortune came to age,*
And—*gentle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind cousin*,—
O, the devil take such cozeners! — God forgive me! —
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written,—be assured,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employed,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.—
And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor.

And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.*Hot.* He does, he does; we'll be revenged on him.*Wor.* Cousin, farewell.—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.*North.* Farewell, good brother;—we shall thrive, I trust.*Hot.* Uncle, adieu.—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport![*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. *An Inn Yard.**Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.**1 Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll
be hanged. Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and
yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!*Ost.* [Within.] Anon, anon.*1 Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few
flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers
out of all cess.*Enter another Carrier.**2 Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and
that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house
is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.*1 Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats
rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-ley breeds fleas like a loach.

1 Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged.—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—Marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pickpurse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from laboring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night

at supper ; a kind of auditor ; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it. I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman ; for, I know, thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows ; for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me ; and, thou knowest, he's no starving. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers ; none of these mad, mustachio, purpled-hued malt-worms ; but with nobility, and tranquillity ; burgomasters, and great oneyers ; such as can hold in ; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. And yet I lie ; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth ; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure : we have the receipt of fern-seed ; we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to ; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, and POINS ; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter ; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal. What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [Pretends to seek Poins.]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire farther afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly, any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, e'er I'll rob a foot farther. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [They whistle.] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your hostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. Hen. and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbor; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, forever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorballed knaves; are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons,

on! What, ye knaves? young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure you, i'faith.

[*Exeunt FAL. &c., driving the Travellers out.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring; there's no more valor in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse; The thieves are scattered, and possessed with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

—But, for my own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house,—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous;*—why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink! But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light,*

for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared; I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banished woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start'st so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyed musing, and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talked
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
 And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight. O *esperance!* —

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
 As you are tossed with. In faith,
 I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
 I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
 About his title; and hath sent for you,
 To line his enterprise. But if you go —

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
 Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
 An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
 Away, you trifler! — Love? I love thee not,
 I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,
 To play with mammals, and to tilt with lips;
 We must have bloody noses, and cracked crowns,
 And pass them current too. — Gods me, my horse! —
 What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
 Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
 Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate; I must not have you henceforth question me Whither I go, nor reason whereabout. Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude, This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate. I know you wise; but yet no further wise, Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are; But yet a woman: and for secrecy, No lady closer; for I well believe Thou wilt utter what thou dost not know; And so far' will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate! Whither I go, thither shall you go too; To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.— Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dyeing scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now in my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence,*

and — *You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,— *Anon, anon, sir!* Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling — Francis, that his tale may be nothing but — anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[Exit Poins.]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir!

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next, I shall be—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leatherne-jerkin, crystal-button,

nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvass doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue. Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye—what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humors, that have showed themselves humors, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS, with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, —*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer, his wife. Rivo, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Fal. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew netherstocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilst, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! A bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack; —I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

[*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw—*ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason. What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—You tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound

them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house;—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you. He says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. 'Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too; you

ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince, no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now, in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook —what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular—

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we should buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the chamomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point.—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? A question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? A question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to threescore. And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and manner, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poultier's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand;—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swear'st thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it; but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [A knocking heard.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! Play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick.
What's the matter ?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door ; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? Never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit ; thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*. If you will deny the sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter ; if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras ; — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had ; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.*

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath followed certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross, fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here ; For I myself at this time have employed him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charged withal ; And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so ; if he have robbed these men, He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good Morrow ; is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff! — Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath! Search his pockets. [POINS searches.] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! — What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know, his death will be a mark of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope..

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—

Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester.—A plague upon it!

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoken of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,

The frame and huge foundation of the earth,
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kittened, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steepleys and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipped in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.—
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottomed Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map. Shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assigned.
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—
Within that space [*To GLEND.*] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place dammed up;
And here the snug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly.
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ! It shall, it must ; you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea,

But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it altered.

Hot.

Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then ;

Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;
For I was trained up in the English court ;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I'd rather be a kitten, and cry — mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turned.

Hot. I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn ? Shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair ; you may away by night.
I'll in and haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[Exit.]

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose ; sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies ;

And of a dragon and a finless fish,
 A clip-winged griffin, and a moulten raven,
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,
 In reckoning up the several devils' names,
 That were his lackeys. I cried, *Humph*,—and *Well*,—

Go to,—

But marked him not a word. O, he's as tedious
 As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
 Worse than a smoky house.—I had rather live
 With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
 Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
 And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
 He holds your temper in a high respect,
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
 When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does.
 I warrant you, that man is not alive,
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof;
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
 And since your coming hither, have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
 (And that's the dearest grace it renders you,) Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schooled; good manners be your speed!
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOVER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt
Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLEND. speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish, self-willed harlotry,
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*LADY M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee. [*LADY M. speaks.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*LADY M. speaks again.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart, I'll sit and hear her sing;
By that time, will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down. Come,
quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words, and then the music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel he's so humorously.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings. [*A Welsh song sung by LADY M.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! *Not you, in good sooth*; and, *As true as I live*; and, *As God shall mend me*; and, *As sure as day*:

And giv'st such sarcenet surely for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'st farther than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *in sooth*,

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,

To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow, As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I Must have some private conference. But be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.* I know not whether God will have it so, For some displeasing service I have done, That in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
 But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
 Make me believe, that thou art only marked
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
 To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art matched withal, and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of many I am charged withal.
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof, of many tales devised,—
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
 By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wandered and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—Yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood.
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruined; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wondered at;
 That men would tell their children,—*This is he;*
 Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dressed myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wondered at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burned; carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity;
That being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sunlike majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not not have it do
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,

He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession:
 For, of no right, nor color like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honor hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing-clothes,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises
 Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
 Thou that art like enough—through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen—
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
 To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so;
 And God forgive them, that have so much swayed
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favors in a bloody mask,
 Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honor and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
 For every honor sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes; and on my head

My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here ;
 The which if he be pleased I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels, die in this.—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offered foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;
 With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
 For this advertisement is five days old.—
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
 Forward ; on Thursday, we ourselves will march.
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth ; and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Gloucestershire ; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last
 action ? Do I not bate ? Do I not dwindle ? Why, my

skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it;—come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral; thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee. Thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? I defy thee; I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough,

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John. I know you, sir John; you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas; I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked. This house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three or four bonds of forty pound apiece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so. And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? Why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it. I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? Why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou.

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? A million; thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest, in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests. Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court. For the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee.—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well,

God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,—my brother John;—this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—Jack, meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall at two o'clock i' the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Rare words! Brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come.—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth, In this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By Heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself. Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honor. No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feared by his physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited.
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us.
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possessed
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off;—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion;
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in.

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
 And think, how such an apprehension
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,
 And breed a kind of question in our cause ;
 For, well you know, we of the offering side
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
 I, rather, of his absence make this use ; —
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,
 Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head,
 To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
 Yet all goes well ; yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think. There is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. 'Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
 The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm. What more ?
Ver. And further, I have learned,
 The king himself in person is set forth,
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,
 With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
 The nimble-footed, mad-cap prince of Wales,
 And his comrades, that daffed the world aside,
 And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnished, all in arms,
 All plumed : like estridges that with the wind
 Bated, like eagles having lately bathed ;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,—
 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours.—Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales.
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
 O that Glendower were come!

Ver.

There is more news.

I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
 My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us make a muster speedily;
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Public Road near Coventry.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

VOL. II.—29

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant, Peto, meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewell.

[*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soured gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnable. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-holders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded, unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were

there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that; and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain; ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-respected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives.—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of such great leading,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition. Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated and brought low;
The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours.
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deserving, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor, unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace;
With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and performed it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages; followed him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently—as greatness knows itself—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep.
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favorites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then, to the point.—

In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, tasked the whole state.
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king) to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgraced me in my happy victories;

Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismissed my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
 Go to the king; and let there be impawned
 Some surely for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall mine uncle
 Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt.

'Pray Heaven, you do!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
 With winged haste, to the lord mareshal;
 This to my cousin Seroop; and all the rest
 To whom they are directed. If you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
 I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
 To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must 'bide the touch. For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with lord Harry; and I fear, sir Michael,—
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 (Whose power was in the first proportion,)—
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
 (Who with them was a rated sinew too,
 And comes not in, o'erruled with prophecies,)—
 I fear the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear; there's
 Douglas,
 And lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed;
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy.—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of Lan-
caster, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! The day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:

This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to't? Will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
 And move in that obedient orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and natural light;
 And be no more an exhaled meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege;
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not songht it! How comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
 Of favor from myself and all our house;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you, my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time. You swore to us,—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.

To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
 It rained down fortune showering on your head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 What with our help; what with the absent king;
 What with the injuries of a wanton time;
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly wooed
 To gripe the general sway into your hand;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And, being fed by us, you used us so

As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaimed at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water colors, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part;

And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do.— But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them.
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride
 me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friend-
 ship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before
 his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls
 not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on.
 Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how
 then? Can honor set to a leg? No? Or an arm? No?
 Or take away the grief of a wound? No? Honor hath no
 skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What
 is in that word, honor? What is that honor? Air. A trim
 reckoning!— Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday.
 Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insen-
 sible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the
 living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. There-
 fore I'll none of it; honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends
 my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
 The liberal, kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The king should keep his word in loving us;
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults:
 Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
 For treason is but trusted like the fox;
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished, and locked up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks;
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherished, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
 And an adopted name of privilege,—
 A hare-brained Hotspur, governed by a spleen.
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's;—we did train him on;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is returned.—Deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*]
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
 By now forswearing that he is forsown.
 He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
 A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepped forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How showed his tasking? Seemed it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamored
Upon his follies. Never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild at liberty:
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm; with speed;—and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perileous day.
Now,—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound.* *They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plain near Shrewsbury. Excursions and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then*

Enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? What honor dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yilder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O, Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well.
A gallant knight he was; his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnished like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!

A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my soul, I will kill all his coats.
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exit.]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft!
who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honor for you.
Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy
too. God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than
mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they
are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left
alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy
sword;
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged. Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe awhile.
—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have
done this day. I have paid Percy; I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'y-
thee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st
not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal: 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a
city. [The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do
come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly,
let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning
honor as sir Walter hath. Give me life; which if I can
save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an
end. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field. Alarums; Excursions.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so.
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help;
And Heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stained nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long.—Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt P. JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*

P. Hen. By Heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads;
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at
heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field;
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king.
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter PRINCE HENRY.*

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*

Cheerly, my lord. How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while.—
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion;
And showed thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O Heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearkened for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labor of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton; I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit KING HENRY.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and 'would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth. I better brook the loss of brittle life, Than those proud titles thou hast won of me; They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:— But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool; And time, that takes survey of all the world, Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy, But that the earthy and cold hand of death Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust, And food for— [Dies.

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk! When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound; But now, two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough.—This earth, that bears thee dead, Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. If thou wert sensible of courtesy, I should not make so dear a show of zeal:— But let my favors hide thy mangled face; And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself For doing these fair rites of tenderness. Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven! Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave, But not remembered in thy epitaph!—

[He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spared a better man. O, I should have a heavy miss of thee, If I were much in love with vanity. Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day, Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.— Embowelled will I see thee by and by; Till then, in blood, by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.

Fal. [Rising slowly.] Embowelled! if thou embowel me VOL. II.—30

to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [stabbing him,] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes HOTSPUR on his back.]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou fleshed thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding, On the ground.— Art thou alive? or is it phantasy That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak; We will not trust our eyes, without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy; [throwing the body down;] if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.

The trumpet sounds retreat ; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt P. HEN. and P. JOHN.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him ! If I do grow great, I'll grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field. The Trumpets sound.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester ! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?
And wouldest thou turn our offers contrary ?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust ?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urged me to ;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too.
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt WOR. and VERNON, guarded.
How goes the field ?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuer took him. At my tent
The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honorable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free.
His valor, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
Myself,—and you, son Harry, will towards Wales
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*]

**SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.**

(469)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH:

HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* }
King Henry V.; }
THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence;* }
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, *afterwards* } his Sons.
(2 Henry V.) *Duke of Bedford;* }
PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, *after-*
wards (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Gloster;* }
Earl of Warwick; }
Earl of Westmoreland; } of the King's Party.
GOWER; HARCUKT; }
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
Earl of Northumberland;
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York;* } Enemies to
LORD MOWBRAY; LORD HASTINGS; } the King.
LORD BARDOLPH; SIR JOHN COLEVILLE;
TRAVERS and MORTON, *Domestics of Northumberland.*
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.
POINS and PETO, *Attendants on Prince Henry.*
SHALLOW and SILENCE, *Country Justices.*
DAVY, *Servant to Shallow.*
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF,
Recruits.
FANG and SNARE, *Sheriff's Officers.*
RUMOR. A Porter.
A Dancer, *Speaker of the Epilogue.*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY.
HOSTESS QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords, and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger,
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE. England.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter RUMOR, painted full of tongues.

Rumor. OPEN your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumor speaks ?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commençed on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world;
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence;
Whilst the big ear, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize,
Among my household? Why is Rumor here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion

(471)

Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? My office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stooped his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumored through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learned of me. From Rumor's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

[Exit.]

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same. The Porter before the Gate.*

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the
 earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
 That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walked forth into the orchard.
 Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,
 And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? Every minute now
 Should be the father of some stratagem;
 The times are wild; contention, like a horse
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
 And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
 I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an Heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish.—
 The king is almost wounded to the death;
 And, in the fortune of my lord your son,

Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Killed by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
Bard. I speake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well-bred, and of good name,
That freely rendered me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I overrode him on the way;
And he is furnished with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?
Tra. My lord; sir John Umfreyle turned me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Outrode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He asked the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seemed in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! — Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck!

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honor, for a silken point
I'll give my barony; never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he ?
 He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
 The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
 Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yes, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume ;
 So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
 Hath left a witnessed usurpation.—

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewbury ?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
 To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
 Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-hegone,
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him, half his Troy was burned ;
 But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
 And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
 This thou wouldest say,—Your son did thus, and thus ;
 Your brother, thus ; so fought the noble Douglas ;
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet ;
 But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
 See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
 He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
 That what he feared is chanced. Yet speak, Morton ;
 Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid ;
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
 I see a strange confession in thine eye ;
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.
 The tongue offends not, that reports his death ;

And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knelling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord your son is dead;

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to Heaven I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-tempered courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steeled;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turned on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter to their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turned their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn,
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well;
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakened joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,

Weakened with grief, being now enraged with grief,
 Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou nice crutch;
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, fleshed with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
 The ragged' st hour that time and spite dare bring,
 To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summed the account of chance, before you said,—
 Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
 That in the dole of blows your son might drop.
 You knew, he walked o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er;
 You were advised, his flesh was capable
 Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged;
 Yet did you say,— Go forth; and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action. What hath then befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
 And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
 Choked the respect of likely peril feared;
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time; and, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
 The gentle archbishop of York is up,

With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord, your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrained,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seemed on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion;
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from Heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge.
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. A Street.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good, healthy water; but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with

an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yeo-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield; an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter; hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad. I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by adviee. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty.—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy,

an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it ? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief ; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of its effects in Galen ; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well ; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord ; but not so patient. Your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty ; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound ; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill. You may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord ?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so ; wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord ; all tallow ; if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There's not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valor is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young. You measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something of a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth; but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry. I hear you are a going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty, sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily; if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever; but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout, or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York; the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.—

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus:—
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point.
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leaped into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war;—
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then, but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
 To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up,) should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model;
 Consent upon a sure foundation;
 Question surveyors; know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite; or else,
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men;
 Like one that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
 Should be still-born, and that we now possessed
 The utmost man of expectation;
 I think we are a body strong enough,
 Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?
Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
 For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
 Are in three heads: one power against the French,
 And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
 Must take up us. So is the unfirm king
 In thee divided; and his coffers sound
 With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
 And come against us in full puissance,
 Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
 He leaves his back unarmed, the French and Welsh
 Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland;
 Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.—
A habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldest have him be!
And being now trimmed in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldest eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamored on his grave.
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; FANG, and his boy, with her; and SNARE, following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly; in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lambert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman. I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder!—O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't,

wō't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York—

Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord. It is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his;—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst

thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings ? I put thee now to thy book-oath ; deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul ; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her ; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness, impudent sauciness : if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor ; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong ; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower, what news ?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales, Are near at hand ; the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman :—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking : and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, and it were not for

thy humors, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me ! dost not know me ? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. 'Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles ; i' faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone ; I'll make other shift ; you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper ; you'll pay me altogether.

Fal. Will I live ?—Go, with her, with her ; [To BARDOLPH.] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper ?

Fal. No more words ; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page,*
Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord ?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night ?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What's the news, my lord ?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back ?

Gow. No ; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are marched up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord ?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord !

Ch. Just. What's the matter ?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner ?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here ; I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower ?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John ?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord ; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee ! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colored ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland; and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly. Tell me how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and per-

sistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldest thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine; every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, [To the Page.] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter, to get a pottlepot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red-lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight.—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt*: *How comes that?* says he that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, prince of Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. I will imitate the honorable Roman in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou uses him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself tonight in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs; Put not you on the visage of the times, And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over; I will speak no more. Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn; And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeared to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honors lost; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven; and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him. So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible;—so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honor more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong;
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

North. *Besrew your heart,*
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,

Then join you with them like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves. So did your son;
 He was so suffered; so came I a widow;
 And never shall have length of life enough,
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
 For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me; 'tis with my mind,
 As with the tide swelled up unto its height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me back.—
 I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
 Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? Thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old withered knights.* It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Despatch.—The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis. It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deaire; and your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose. But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine,

and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this?
How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.
Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court.—Empty the jordan.
—And was a worthy king. How now, mistress Doll?

[*Exit Drawer.*]

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they
are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you
give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I
make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to
make the diseases, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch
of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and oowches;—for to serve
bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the
breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely;
to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two
never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in
good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one
bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one
must bear, and that must be you; [*To DOLL.*] you are the
weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak, empty vessel bear such a huge, full
hogshead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux
stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the
hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going
to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no,
there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with
you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come
hither; it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here; no, by my

faith; I must live amongst my neighbors; I'll no swaggerers; I am in good name and fame with the very best.— Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now;—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. 'Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.'

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,— it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbor Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbor Quickly*, says he, receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive, says he, no swaggering companions.—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound; he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater. But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf; I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, sir John!'

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack; do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue; away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

VOL. II.—32

Dol. Away, you cutpurse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable, damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I; tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her;—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. 'Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humors, indeed! Shall pack-horses, And hollow, pampered jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire.

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*

Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif! What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come

on, you whoreson chops.—Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies.—Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart; if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—play, sirs;—sit on my knee, Doll. A rascally, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followest him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven.

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY, and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humor is the prince of?

Fal. A good, shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler; he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? Hang him baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him; for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! What says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his notebook, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so; prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir. [Advancing.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O, Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaning his hand upon DOLL.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you

ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive thee then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honor; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me, and call me — pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See, now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so. What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north; and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time; When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare, unarmed heads.

Give me my sword, and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now, what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—Farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches! If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst;—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [Within.] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [Within.] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.—

[*Exit Page.*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamors in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distempered;
Which to his former strength may be restored,
With good advice, and little medicine.—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.

K. Hen. O Heaven! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth — viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who, like a brother, toiled in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,) [To WARWICK.
When Richard — with his eyes brimfull of tears,
Then checked and rated by Northumberland—
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;
Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bowed the state,
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss:—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption;—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,

With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
 And, by the necessary form of this,
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
 Then let us meet them like necessities:—
 And that same word even now cries out on us;
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
 Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the feared:—Please it your grace
 To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have received
 A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
 And these unseasoned hours, perforce, must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel;
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly. I was once of Clement's inn, where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow:—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this

county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commands him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff; a tall gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good backsword-man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good: yea, indeed, it is; good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommode*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John: it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir.—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy, lack use. Very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

[To SHALLOW.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone; my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside. Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John,—let me see.—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under; he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow; so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!* — Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. — O, the days that we have seen! — Come, come.

[*Exeunt FAL., SHAL., and SILENCE.*

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend; she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and can not help herself; you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; — a man can die but once; — we owe God a death; — I'll ne'er bear a base mind; — an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you. — I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf; — For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; — and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblage of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart; — you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So; — very well; — go to; — very good: — exceeding good.—O, give me always, a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou art a good scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, (when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come.—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both; I thank you; I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed; peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*]

As I return, I will fetch off these justices ; I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he had done about Turnbull-street ! and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring ; when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife ; he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible ; he was the very Genius of famine ; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake. He came ever in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire ; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him ; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard ; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name ; for you might have trussed him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin ; the case of a treble hauboy was a mansion for him, a court : and now has he land and beeves. Well ; I will be acquainted with him, if I return ; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me : If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

Arch. What is this forest called ?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch.

'Tis well done.

VOL. II.—33

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
 I must acquaint you that I have received
 New-dated letters from Northumberland ;
 Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus :—
 Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
 As might hold sortance with his quality,
 The which he could not levy ; whereupon
 He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
 To Scotland ; and concludes in hearty prayers,
 That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
 And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
 And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast.

Now, what news ?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
 In goodly form, comes on the enemy ;
 And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
 Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
 Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
 The prince lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace ;
 What doth concern your coming ?

West. Then, my lord,
 Unto your grace do I in chief address
 The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
 Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
 Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
 And countenanced by boys, and beggary ;
 I say, 'if damned commotion so appeared
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,—
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection
 With your fair honors. You, lord archbishop,—
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintained ;
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd ;
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutored ;
 Whose white investments figure innocence,

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end.—We are all diseased;

And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weighed
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offered to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wronged, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborned to grate on you?
That you should seal this lawless, bloody book

Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born a household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honors?

West. O, my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restored
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
Your noble and right well-remembered father's?

Mowb. What thing in honor had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compelled to banish him.
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;—
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stayed
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warden down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country, in a general voice,

Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on;
And blessed, and graced indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.—
Say you not, then, our offer is compelled.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence.
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name.
I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;
For this contains our general grievances.—
Each several article herein redressed;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true, substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consigned,—
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which Heaven so frame;
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch.

My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit West.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that. If we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances;
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;
And keep no telltale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion.
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was upreared to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is returned my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then set
forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS,
and others: from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lan-
caster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encountered here, my cousin
Mowbray.—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better showed with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so.—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a false favorite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonorable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of Heaven's substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of Heaven and him,
Have here up-swarmed them.

Arch.

Good my lord of Lancaster,

I am not here against your father's peace ;
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 The time misordered doth, in common sense,
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief ;
 The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ;
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right desires ;
 And true obedience of this madness cured,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt.
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;
 And so, success of mischief shall be born ;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
 How far-forth do you like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well ;
 And swear here by the honor of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook ;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redressed ;
 Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours ; and here, between the armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word ;
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [To an Officer.] and deliver to the army
 This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part ;
 I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace ; and, if you knew what pains
 I have bestowed to breed this present peace,

You would drink freely; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*

P. John. The word of peace is rendered. Hark, how
they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismissed, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason;—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honorable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawned thee none.
I promised you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scattered stray;
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yeller up of breath. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest. Alarums; Excursions.*

Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale. Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough: so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are sir John Falstaff; and in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. John. The heat is past; follow no further now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit West.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come.

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other, break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—*I came, saw, and overcame.*

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.'

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou,

like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stayed.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates, To York, to present execution.—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick.

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff; I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young, sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; —but that's no marvel; he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; —which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without

sack ; for that sets it a-work ; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil ; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant ; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and good store of, fertile sherris ; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,— to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph ?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire ; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if Heaven doth give successful end To this debate that bleedeth at our doors, We will our youth lead on to higher fields, And draw no swords but what are sanctified. Our navy is addressed, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence well invested, And every thing lies level to our wish ; Only, we want a little personal strength ; And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot, Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, Where is the prince your brother ?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him ?

P. Humph. No, my good lord ; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father ?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
 How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
 Thou hast a better place in his affection,
 Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
 And noble offices thou mayst effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren.—
 Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold or careless of his will.
 For he is gracious, if he be observed;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity:
 Yet, notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observed.
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
 But, being moody, give him line and scope;
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them. Therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon,
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,

O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be looked upon, and learned; which once attained,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom—when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrión.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand.
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O, Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make
me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—

Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[*Swoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself; look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him; give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs;
The incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfathered heirs, and loathly birds of nature.
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leaped them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sicked and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers,

P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber, softly, 'pray.

[*They convey the King into an inner part of the
room, and place him on a bed.*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He altered much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords; — sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polished perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! — sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not;
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.— My gracious lord! — my father! —
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O, dear father, pay thee plenteously.
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*

Which Heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honor from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

VOL. II.—34

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me
see him.
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where
we staid.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my
pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek
him out;
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit* WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The cankered heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaffed but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber; leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY,*
Lords, &c.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought;
I stay too long by thee; I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honors
Before thy hour be ripe? O, foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast sealed up my expectation;
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Harry the fifth is crowned.—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your scum.
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy; he will trouble you no more.
England shall double gild his treble gilt;
England shall give him office, honor, might;
For the fifth Harry from curbed license plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
 [Kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
 And he that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honor, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending !
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die ;
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,) I spake unto the crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it :—*The care on thee depending,*
Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable ;
But thou, most fine, most honored, most renowned,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head ;
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murdered my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God forever keep it from my head !

And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O, my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect, crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seemed in me,
But as an honor snatched with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced; which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me:
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be;
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, withered trunk: upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem;
 Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.—
 But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.
 —What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused;
 excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve;
 you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me
 see.—Yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir
 John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook.—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had.—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit DAVY.] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph;—and welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John. [Exit SHALLOW.]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen

of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his. They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humor his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervalums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II. Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walked the way of nature; And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had called me with him. The service that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself, To welcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and others.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry.

O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear all will be overturned.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us
heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend,
indeed;

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier; 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestalled remission.—
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and Heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers;
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured,

I'll be your father and your brother too;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me;—and you most;

[To the Chief Justice.

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me?
 What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 The immediate heir of England? Was this easy?
 May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
 The image of his power lay then in me;

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person;
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 Be now the father, and propose a son:

Hear your own dignities so much profaned,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son.
 After this cold considerance, sentence me;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,
 My person or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;
And I do wish your honors may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:—
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity, till now.
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-governed nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remembered, all our state;
And (God consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and thea to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper;—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down;—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.

And praise Heaven for the merry year,

When flesh is cheap, and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there,

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; [Seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit; proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all. [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;* [Singing.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight. [To *BARD.*]—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine, [Singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet
of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come:

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome; if thou wantest any
thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my
little tiny thief; [To the Page.] and welcome, indeed, too.
—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes
about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha!
will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee.—The knave will stick by thee, I
can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be
merry. [Knocking hard.] Look who's at door there. Ho!
who knocks? [Exit DAVY.]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.]

Sil. Do me right,

And dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do some-
what.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come
from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

Fal. How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O, base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Sings.]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir.—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways: either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth, or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: The things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O, joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led, say they.
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swunged for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy, famished correctioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

1 Bead. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison; Hauled thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roared the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his Train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The Heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers; How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was;
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self:

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots;

Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,—

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life, I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil;

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will—according to your strength and qualities—

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,

To see performed the tenor of our word.

Set on. [*Exeunt King, and his Train.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

VOL. II.—35

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word; this that you heard, was but a color.

Shal. A color, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colors; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph.—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet; Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, espero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., Page, and Officers.*

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent, his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banished, till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath called his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire, We bear our civil swords, and native fire, As far as France: I heard a bird so sing, Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king. Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

FIRST, my fear ; then, my court'sy ; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my court'sy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me ; for what I have to say, is of mine own making ; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this ; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France ; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night : and so kneel down before you :—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

KING HENRY V.

(549)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Duke of Gloster, } Brothers to the King.

Duke of Bedford, }

Duke of Exeter, Uncle to the King.

Duke of York, Cousin to the King.

Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,

LORD SCROOP, } Conspirators against the King.

SIR THOMAS GREY,

SIR THOMAS EPPINGHAM,

GOWER,

FLUELLEN,

MACMORRIS,

JAMY,

BATES,

COURT,

WILLIAMS,

NYM,

BARDOLPH,

PISTOL,

Boy, Servant to them.

A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES, } French Lords.

GRANDPREE,

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, a French Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.

QUICKLY, Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers,
Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England;
but afterwards wholly in France.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Enter CHORUS.

O, FOR a muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention !
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unraised spirit, that hath dared,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million ;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high, upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance ;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass. For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history ;
Who, prologue like, your humble patience pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Antechamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Canterbury. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us passed,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us: being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honor,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent, faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to his theoretic;
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow;
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbored by fruit of baser quality.
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us.
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have opened to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum

Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceived, his grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour I think is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth;

For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war.
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience washed
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land;
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe,
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Established there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany called—Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also,—that usurped the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—
 To fine his title with some show of truth,
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,) Conveyed himself as heir to the lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also king Lewis the Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the Great
 Was reunited to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female.
 So do the kings of France unto this day;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurped from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this
 claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back unto your mighty ancestors;
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince;
 Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France;
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill

Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O, noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France;
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
 You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause, and means,
 and might;
 So hath your highness; never king of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
 And lie pavilioned in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right.
 In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
 With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us.
 For you shall read, that my great grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brimfulness of his force;
 Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
 Girding, with grievous siege, castles and towns;

That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighborhood.

Cant. She hath been then more feared than harmed,
my liege.

For hear her but exampled by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

*If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.*

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home.
Yet that is but a crushed necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concert;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. True; therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home

To the tent-royal of their emperor;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy, yawning drone. I this infer,—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one concert, may work contrariously;
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Fly to one mark;
 As many several ways meet in one town;
 As many fresh streams run in one self-sea;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre;
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we, with thrice that power left at home,
 Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
 Let us be worried; and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the dauphin.
 [Exit an Attendant. *The King ascends his throne.*

Now are we well resolved; and by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling, in large and ample empery,
 O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms;
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
 Either our history shall, with full mouth,
 Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipped with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin dauphin; for, we hear,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May it please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus, then, in few:—
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you savor too much of your youth;
And bids you be advised, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturbed
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France;
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the dauphin blind to look on us.

And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
 Hath turned his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them ; for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
 And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
 Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
 So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the dauphin,
 His jest will savor but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
 That may give furtherance to our expedition ;
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,
 That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
 More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
 We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.
 Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
 Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

VOL. II.—36

For now sits Expectation in the air;
 And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
 Promised to Harry, and his followers.
 The French, advised by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O, England!—model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—
 What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow besoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men—
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
 Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland—
 Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
 Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 (If hell and treason hold their promises,)
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on; and well digest
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentle, to Southampton.
 There is the playhouse now; there must you sit;
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and but till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

[Exit.]

SCENE I. *The same. Eastcheap.**Enter Nym and Bardolph.**Bard.* Well met, corporal Nym.*Nym.* Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.*Bard.* What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?*Nym.* For my part, I care not. I say little: but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out

mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's the humor of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and MRS. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here:—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me—host?

Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*NYM draws his sword.*] O well-i-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valor of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have a humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms; if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O, braggard vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doting death is near; Therefore exhale. [PISTOL and NYM draw.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say;—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give, Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humor of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again. O, hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazarus kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt MRS. QUICKLY and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood. I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;— Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humor of it.

Re-enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burnaing quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fractred and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may; he passes some humors, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves! As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely favors,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,—
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts.
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better feared, and loved,
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steeped their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That railed against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security.
Let him be punished, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punished. And now to our French causes.
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is
yours;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness:—
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppressed and killed.
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters!—My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honor; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which,
This knight—no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is—hath likewise sworn—But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them;
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colors, and with forms being fetched
From glittering semblances of piety;
But he, that tempered thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gulled me thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnished and decked in modest complement;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best endued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open;

Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discovered;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,
Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor, miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! — Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt conspirators, guarded.*

Now, lords, for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,

But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance;
 No king of England, if not king of France. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. London. Mrs. Quickly's *House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee
 to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
 Bardolph, be blithe; — Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins.
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
 And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is,
 either in heaven or hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's
 bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a
 finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child;
 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning
 o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and
 play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew
 there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen,
 and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, sir John? quoth
 I; what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out — God,
 God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid
 him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need
 to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade
 me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the
 bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then
 I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was
 as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he
 never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women,

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but
 then he was rheumatic; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon

Bardolph's nose ; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire ?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire ; that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off ? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels, and my movables ; Let senses rule ; the word is, *Pitch and Pay*.

Trust none ;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck ; Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us to France ! like horse-leeches, my boys ; To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it ; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear ; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell ; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

Enter the French King, attended ; the Dauphin, the DUKE of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us ; And more than carefully it us concerns, To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry and of Bretagne, Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,— And you, prince dauphin,—with all swift despatch, To line, and new repair, our towns of war, With men of courage, and with means defendant ; For England his approaches makes as fierce, As waters to the sucking of a gulf. It fits us, then, to be as provident As fear may teach us, out of late examples Left by the fatal and neglected English Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father, It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
 And let us do it with no show of fear;
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance;
 For, my good liege, she is so idly kinged,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince dauphin!
 You are too much mistaken in this king.
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,—
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and, withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution,—
 And you shall find his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
 But though we think it so, it is no matter.
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems,
 So the proportions of defence are filled;
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
 And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us;
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar paths.
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captived, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
 Whiles that his mountain sire—on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun—
 Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him

Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry, king of England,
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go and
 bring them. [*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*
 You see, this chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten,
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English short; and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head;
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER, and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Eze. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
 He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrowed glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
 By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
 To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
 And all wide stretched honors that pertain,
 By custom and the ordinance of times,
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
 'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
 Picked from the worm-holes of long-vanished days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
 He sends you this most memorable line, [*Gives a paper.*
 In every branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing you overlook this pedigree;
 And, when you find him evenly derived
 From his most famed of famous ancestors,
 Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Eze. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it;
 And, therefore, in fierce tempest he is coming,

In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
 (That, if requiring fail, he will compel;) And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
 On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
 Turns he the widow's tears, the orphan's cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
 Unless the dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further.
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the dauphin,
 I stand here for him. What to him from England?
Eze. Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king: — and, if your father's highness
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
 It is against my will; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with those Paris balls.

Eze. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
 Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe;
 And, be assured, you'll find a difference
 (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
 Between the promise of his greener days,
 And these he masters now: now he weighs time,
 Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Eze. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
 Come here himself to question our delay;
 For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatched, with fair conditions.
 A night is but small breath, and little pause,
 To answer matters of this consequence. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance.
 For who is he, whose chin is but enriched
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege.
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 [Alarum; and chambers go off.
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Harfleur. Alarums.*

**Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and
Soldiers, with scaling ladders.**

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once
more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you called fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Forces pass over. Then*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach! to the breach!
Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too

hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humors do abound; Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die!

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.'

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

Boy. But thither would I hie.

As duly, but not as truly,

As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's plood! — Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches? [Driving them forward.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humors! — your honor wins bad humors.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,*
followed by FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's

pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs ; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service : their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[Exit Boy.]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines ; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines ! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines. For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war ; the concavities of it is not sufficient ; for, look you, th' adversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is dight himself four yards under the countermines : by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman ; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not ?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orl'd. I will verify as much in his peard ; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow Here 'a comes ; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous faloreus gentleman, that is certain ; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions : by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orl'd, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris ? have you quit the mines ? have the pioneers given o'er ?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done ; the work ish give over ; the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done ; it ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done ; by my hand, tish ill done !

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it: ay, or go to death: and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before the gates of Harfleur. The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below.*

Enter KING HENRY, and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit:
 Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
 Or, like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
 (A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,) If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
 And the fleshed soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
 In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
 With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war—
 Arrayed in flames, like to the prince of fiends—
 Do, with his smirched complexion, all fell feats
 Enlinked to waste and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
 As send precepts to the Leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The dauphin, whom of succor we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.—
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addressed.

[Flourish. *The King, &c. enter the town.*

SCENE IV. Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellée, de hand.

Lath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé de fingres; ouy, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand: les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien; de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand, de fingre,*
de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. *De elbow, madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de elbow. Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Kath. *De neck. Et le menton?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Kath. *De sin. Le eol, de neck: le menton, de sin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné?*

Kath. *Non, je réciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—*

Alice. *De nails, madame.*

Kath. *De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.*

Kath. *Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin. Comment appellez vous le pieds et la robe?*

Alice. *De foot, madame; et de con.*

Kath. *De foot et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, por tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble. De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame!*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à dinner.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath passed the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,

Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reined jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honor of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honor,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

F^{r.} King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? Speed him
hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honor edged,
More sharper than your swords, lie to the field.
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpre, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciquault, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys; whose low, vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:

Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famished in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers. He is not (God be praised, and plesseed!) any hurt in the 'orl'd; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orl'd; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valor, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious, fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling, restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind. And she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls,—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune; fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a *pix*, and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damned; and *figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[*Exit* PISTOL.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such

a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths. And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'ord' he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge; the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge; I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great; marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man; his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off;—and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language. For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well, then, I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe;—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial! England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.—So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy,

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,) My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessened; and those few I have, Almost no better than so many French; Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought, upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God, That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am. My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk; My army, but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself, and such another neighbor, Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy. Go, bid thy master well advise himself. If we may pass, we will; if we be hindered, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolor; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it.
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit MONTJOY.*]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.
K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the LORD RAMBURES, the DUKE of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armor of the world.—'Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armor; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the color of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him. He is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call — beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the

rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once wrote a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: — *Wonder of nature,* —

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foy!* The other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me then. They that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier.* Thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armor, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously! and 'twere more honor, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners.

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

Orl. The dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey. 'Tis a hooded valor; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil. Have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—a fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpre.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—'Would it

were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—He longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ran. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear: and from the tents,
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor, condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminante
 The morning's danger; and their gestures sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruined band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
 Unto the weary and all-watched night;
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-disposed, in brawl ridiculous—
 The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
 Minding true things, by what their mockeries be. [Exit.]

SCENE I. *The English Camp at Agincourt.**Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.*

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.—

Good Morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty! There is some soul of goodness in things evil, Would men observingly distil it out; For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers, Which is both healthful, and good husbandry. Besides, they are our outward consciences, And preachers to us all; admonishing, That we should dress us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather honey from the weed, And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good Morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham. A good soft pillow for that good white head Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better, Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains, Upon example; so the spirit is eased; And, when the mind is quickened, out of doubt, The organs, though defunct and dead before, Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move With casted slough and fresh legerity. Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both, Commend me to the princes in our camp; Do my good Morrow to them; and, anon, Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight; Go with my brothers to my lords of England. I and my bosom must debate awhile, And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart; thou speakest cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va la?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me. Art thou officer; Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trailest thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

VOL. II.—38

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name; art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that
day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Chesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter Bates, Court, and Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are. Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation.—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of pre-meditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel; where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed—wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to

see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Ken. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word; fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and

Our sins, lay on the king;— we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy coming's in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labor, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the beforehand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent;
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*]
K. Hen. O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
 Possess them not with fear; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers:
 Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord!
 O, not to-day! Think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown!
 I Richard's body have interred new;
 And on it have bestowed more contrite tears,
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
 Toward heaven to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
 I know thy errand; I will go with thee.—
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The French Camp.*

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armor; up, my lords.

Dau. Montez a cheval:—My horse! *valet!* *lacquay?* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via! — les eaux et la terre —*

Orl. *Rien puis l'air et le feu —*

Dau. *Ciel! cousin Orleans. —*

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable.

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage. Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,

That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—

Who in unnecessary action swarm

About our squares of battle,— were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation:

But that our honors must not. What's to say?

A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-souuance, and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall crouch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carriions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favoredly become the morning field.
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
 The gum down-rope from their pale-dead eyes;
 And in their pale, dull mouths the gimbal bit
 Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard. On, to the field;
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be with you, princes all; I'll to my charge.

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—

My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day.
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
 For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.

[Exit SALISBURY.

Bed. He is as full of valor, as of kindness;
 Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen.

What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin.

If we are marked to die, we are enough

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honor.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But, if it be a sin to covet honor,

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor,

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more.

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called—the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,

And say,—*To-morrow is Saint Crispian;*

Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,

And say, *These wounds I had on Crispin's day.*

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words—

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered:

This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England, now abed,
 Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here:
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed;
 The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England,
 cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
 Without more help, might fight this battle out!

Hen. Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand
 men;
 Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
 You know your places. God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured overthrow;
 For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
 Thou needs must be engluttred. Besides, in mercy
 The constable desires thee — thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
 Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
 The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
 A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
 Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honors reeking up to heaven;
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark then abounding valor in our English;
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.
 Let me speak proudly.—Tell the constable,
 We are but warriors for the working-day.
 Our gayness, and our guilt, are all besmirched
 With rainy marching in the painful field;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,
 (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
 And time hath worn us into slovenry:
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,
 (As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well;
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.]

K. Hen. I fear thou'l once more come again for ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march
 away;—
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle. Alarums: Excursions.*

Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne
 qualité.

Pist. Quality? Callino, castore me! Art thou a gentleman?
 What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seignieur Dieu!*

Pist. O, seignior Dew should be a gentleman.—
Perpend my words, O seignior Dew, and mark;
O seignior Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O seignior, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurions mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy. Ask me this slave, in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Ecoutez. Comment estes-vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret
him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous
prest; car se soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper
vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me
pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez
ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life; he is a gentleman
of a good house; and, for his ransom, will give you two
hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner
aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous
l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le
franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks ; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice worthy seignior of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—Follow me, eur. [Exit PISTOL.

Boy. *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.*

[Exit French Soldier.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart ; but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys.

[Exit.

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field of Battle. Alarums.

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and others.

Con. *O diable !*

Orl. *O seigneur ! — le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !*

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune ! —*

Do not run away. [A short alarum.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame !—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we played at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !

Let us die in fight : Once more back again ;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now !

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field. Alarums.*

Enter KING HENRY and Forces; EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen;
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice, within this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheered him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*
Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips;
And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me, which I would have stopped;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [Alarum.
 But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
 The French have reinforced their scattered men:
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
 Give the word through. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field. Alarums.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered in the 'orl'd: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the 'orl'd, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Fiu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Fiu. That is he. I can tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, with a part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill; If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our sight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them skirr away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Eze. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now, what means this, herald? Know'st thou not, That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king. I come to thee for charitable license, That we may wander o'er this bloody field, To book our dead, and then to bury them; To sort our nobles from our common men; For many of our princes (woe the while!) Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood; (So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage, Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters, Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,

VOL. II.—89

To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle called, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather, of famous memory, an't please
your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince
of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most
prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is
remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a gar-
den where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth
caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honor-
able badge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty
takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honor;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God
pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and
his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Chesa, I am your majesty's countryman; I care
not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'ordid. I need
not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long
as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds, go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY
and others.*

Eze. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that
I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered
with me last night; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to chal-

lenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath; if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove, which I have given him for a favor, May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear.

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick ;
 If that soldier strike him (as, I judge
 By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,) —
 Some sudden mischief may arise of it ;
 For I do know Fluellen valiant,
 And, touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,
 And quickly will return an injury.—
 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *Before King Henry's Pavilion.**Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.**Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.*Enter FLUELLEN.**Flu.* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king. There is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.*Will.* Sir, know you this glove ?*Flu.* Know the glove ? I know, the glove is a glove.
Will. I know this ; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.*Gow.* How now, sir ? you villain !*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsown ?*Flu.* Stand away, captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.*Will.* I am no traitor.*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him ; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.**War.* How now, how now ! what's the matter ?*Flu.* My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it !) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.*Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.**K. Hen.* How now ! what's the matter ?*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart; never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself; you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine; for bad you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honor in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns: And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pushful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

[*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ;
 John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciquault :
 Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
 Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
 That in the field lie slain ; of printes, in this number,
 And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
 One hundred twenty-six ; added to these,
 Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
 Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights :
 So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
 The rest are — princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
 And gentlemen of blood and quality.
 The names of those their nobles that lie dead, —
 Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;
 The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ;
 Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischarde Dauphin ;
 John duke of Alençon ; Antony duke of Brabant,
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;
 And Edward duke of Bar ; of lusty earls,
 Grandpre, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
 Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death ! —
 Where is the number of our English dead ?

[Herald presents another paper.]
 Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire.
 None else of name ; and, of all other men,
 But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all. — When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss,
 On one part and on the other ? — Take it, God,
 For it is only thine !

Exe. 'Tis wonderful !

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village ;
 And be it death proclaimed through our host,
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God
 Which is his only.

Flo. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how
 many is killed ?

K. Hen. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites ;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity inclosed in clay,
We'll then to Calais ; and to England then ;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them ; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouthed sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way ; so let him land ;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath ;
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city : he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in ;
As, by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress

(As, in good tune, he may) from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him! Much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
 (As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the king of England's stay at home;) The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them, we omit,
 And all the occurrences, whatever chanced,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France;
 There must we bring him; and myself have played
 The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.]

SCENE I. France. *An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; the rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol, — which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,— he is come to me, and brings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.— Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat, and eke I swear.—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them! that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit, cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of pre-deceased valor,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and,

henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honor is cudgelled. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. Troyes in Champagne. *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; *at another,* the French King, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the DUKE of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks;
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labored,

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevailed,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chased;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleached,—
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the colter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery.
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favor,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace

With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To resurvey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,
Warwick—and Huntingdon,—go with the king;
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urged, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE, and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair.
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me: I cannot speak
your England.

K. Hen. O, fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess
it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy,* I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like
an angel.

Kath. *Que dit il? que je suis semblable à les anges.*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment (sauf votre grace,) ainsi dit il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine ; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Alice. *Ouy ; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits ; dat is de princess.*

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English ; for if thou couldst, thou wouldest find me such a plain king, that thou wouldest think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you ; then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith ? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer ; i' faith, do ; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady ?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur,* me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me ; for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off ; but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier ; if thou canst love me for this, take me : if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true : but—for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places ; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, —they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a fall eye will wax hollow : but a good heart,

Kate, is the sun and moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me. And take me, take a soldier, take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France ?

K. Hen. No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate : but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine, and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French ; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi* (let me see, what then ? Saint Dennis be my speed !) — *donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est maillieur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate ; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to me much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English ? Canst thou love me ?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate ? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me ; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me ; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart ; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully ; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me, — thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between saint Dennis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard ? Shall we not ? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce ?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No ; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise ;

do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

Kath. Your majesté 'ave fausse French enough to deceive the most sage *damoiselle* dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say,—Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English.—Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you —my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baissant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteur; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baiées devant leur noces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat is not de fashion pour les ladies of France,— I cannot tell what is *baiser en* English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre better que moy.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion : we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults ; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss ; therefore, patiently, and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate ; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council ; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty ! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English ?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her ; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt ?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz ; and my condition is not smooth ; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle ; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind : can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked, blind boy in her naked, seeing self ? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield ; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm, proposed natures.

Eze. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—where your majesty demands,—that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher fils Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus rex Anglie, et hæres Francie*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance, Let that one article rank with the rest: And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction Plant neighborhood and Christianlike accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

VOL. II.—40

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [Flourish.]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly lived
This star of England: fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit.]

**FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI.**

(627)

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Duke of Gloster, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*

Duke of Bedford, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.*

HENRY BEAUFORT, *great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of Somerset, afterwards Duke.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *eldest Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.*

Earl of Warwick. Earl of Salisbury. Earl of Suffolk.

LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*

JOHN TALBOT, *his Son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

Mortimer's Keeper, *and a Lawyer.*

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London. WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York Faction,*

BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.*

CHARLES, Dauphin, *and afterwards King of France.*

REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*

Duke of Burgundy. Duke of Alençon.

Governor of Paris. Bastard of Orleans.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, *and his Son.*

General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, *Father to Joan la Pucelle.*

MARGARET, *Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.*

Countess of Auvergne.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, *and several Attendants both on the English and French.*

SCENE, *partly in England, and partly in France.*

(628)

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey. *Dead March.* Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the DUKES of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL of WARWICK, the BISHOP of WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bedford. HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad, revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command;
His brandished sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than midday sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? His deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Eze. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonorable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French

(229)

Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king blessed of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought;
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen
prayed,
His thread of life had not so soon decayed.
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar;—heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Caesar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honorable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture.
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's curse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recalled to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Eze. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
 Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
 That here you maintain several factions;
 And, whilst a field should be despatched and fought,
 You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have lingering wars, with little cost;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
 A third man thinks, without expense at all,
 By guileful, fair words peace may be obtained.
 Awake, awake, English nobility!
 Let not sloth dim your honors, new begot.
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France.—
 Give me my steeled coat; I'll fight for France.—
 Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes!
 Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
 France is revolted from the English quite;
 Except some petty towns of no import;
 The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
 The bastard of Orleans with him is joined;
 Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
 The duke of Alençon flieh to his side.

Exe. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats;
 Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
 An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
 Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
 I must inform you of a dismal fight,
 Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown;
 The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
 Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
 By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
 Was round encompassed and set upon.
 No leisure had he to enrank his men;
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
 Instead whereof, sharp stakes, plucked out of hedges,
 They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 More than three hours the fight continued;
 Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
 Here, there, and every where, enraged, he slew.
 The French exclaimed, the devil was in arms;
 All the whole army stood agazed on him:
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
 And rushed into the bowels of the battle.
 Here had the conquest fully been sealed up,
 If sir John Fastolfe had not played the coward;
 He, being in the vaward, (placed behind,
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
 Inclosed were they with their enemies.
 A base Walloon, to win the dauphin's grace,
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
 Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
 Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
 For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 Unto his dastard foeman is betrayed.

3 Mess. O, no; he lives; but is took prisoner,
 And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford;
 Most of the rest slaughtered, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
 I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne;
 His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
 Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
 Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great saint George's feast withal.
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Eze. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.

Eze. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordained his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend;
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[Exit. Scene closes.

SCENE II. France. Before Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENCON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famished English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves.
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear.
Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.

Now for the honor of the forlorn French.—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [Exeunt.

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean, raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brained
slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on:
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appalled.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismayed, for succor is at hand.

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

*Speak; shall I call her in? Believe my words.
For they are certain and infallible.*

Char. Go, call her in. [Exit Bastard.] But, first, to try
her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place.
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern.—
By this mean shall we sound what skill she hath. [Retires.

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed; there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter;
My wit untrained in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Willed me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promised, and assured success:
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty am I blessed with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated;
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonished me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valor make.—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared; here is my keen-edged sword,
Decked with five flower-de-luces on each side;

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'Tis the French dauphin sueth thus to thee.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assigned am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends:

Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud, insulting ship,

Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fallen down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortalized.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it;
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. London. *Hill before the Tower.*

*Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his Serv-
ing-men in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls. [Servants knock.

1 Ward. [Within.] Who is there that knocks so impe-
riously?

1 Serv. It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 Serv. Answer you so the lord protector, villains?

1 Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we answer
him:

We do no otherwise than we are willed.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up the gates; I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter to the gates, WOOD-
VILLE, the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors have
we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble duke; I may not
open:

The cardinal of Winchester forbids;
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coate.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?

Glo. Pieled priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator:
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin;
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st: I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dared, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'l answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose, I cry—a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence: why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor: thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distraught the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armor here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day
against God's peace and the king's, we charge and com-
mand you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several
dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any
sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of
death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure.
Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long. [*Exeunt.*

May. See the coast cleared, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. France. Before Orleans.

Enter on the walls, the Master Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I missed my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do, to procure me grace:
The prince's espials haye informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrenched,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
 And fully even these three days have I watched,
 If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
 For I can stay no longer.
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
 And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
 I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the LORDS SALISBURY
 and TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS
 GARGRAVE, and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned!
 How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
 Or by what means gott'st thou to be released?
 Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
 Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
 For him I was exchanged and ransomed.
 But with a baser man of arms by far,
 Once, in contempt, they would have bartered me;
 Which I, disdaining, scorned; and craved death
 Rather than I would be so vile esteemed.
 In fine, redeemed I was as I desired.
 But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertained.
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
 In open market-place produced they me,
 To be a public spectacle to all:

Here, said they, *is the terror of the French,*
The scarce-crow that affrights our children so.
 Then broke I from the officers that led me,
 And with my nails digged stones out of the ground
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grisly countenance made others fly;
 None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
 In iron walls they deemed me not secure;
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
 That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
 That walked about me every minute-while;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sol. I grieve to hear what torments you endured;
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans;
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate, for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famished,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY and
THO. GARGRAVE fall.

Sol. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crossed us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed, fatal hand,
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to Heaven for grace;
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!—
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles—
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarm.*
What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarm, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head.
The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SALISBURY groans.]

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.—
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Before one of the gates. Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in. Then*

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valor, and my force?
Our English troops retire; I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armor, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee;
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee,
[They fight.]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come;
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry, starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament.
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the town, with Soldiers.]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists;
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They called us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarm.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*

It will not be.—Retire into your trenches.
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is entered into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces, &c.*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENCON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colors on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves.—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astrea's daughter,
How shall I honor thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recovered is the town of Orleans;
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have played the men.

Cler. 'Tis Jean, not we, by whom the day is won;
 For which, I will divide my crown with her;
 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
 Than Rhodope's of Memphis, ever was.
 In memory of her, when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich-jewelled coffer of Darius,
 Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on saint Dennis will we cry,
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 Come in; and let us banquet royally,
 After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter, to the gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.
 If any noise or soldier, you perceive,
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.]
 Thus are poor servitors
 (When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
 Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
 By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
 Walloon and Picardy, are friends to us,—
 This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
 Having all day caroused and banqueted.
 Embrace we then this opportunity;
 As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
 Contrived by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
 Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
 To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armor as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying St. George!*

Talbot! and all enter by the town.

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

[*The French leap over the walls in their shirts.*

Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENCON, REIGNIER, half
ready and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,
Never heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the Heavens, sure, favor him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
 Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
 Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
 Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
 This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
 That, being captain of the watch to-night,
 Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
 As that whereof I had the government,
 We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
 Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
 I was employed in passing to and fro,
 About relieving of the sentinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
 How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some place
 But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;
 And now there rests no other shift but this,—
 To gather our soldiers, scattered and dispersed,
 And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying A Talbot!
 A Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
 The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
 For I have loaden me with many spoils,
 Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
 Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the earth.
 Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
 And here advance it in the market-place,
 The middle centre of this cursed town.—
 Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
 For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
 There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interred;
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far (as I could well discern,
For smoke and dusky vapors of the night)
Am sure I scared the dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldest vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful, comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encountered with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled.—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honors bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said,—unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well, then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [Whispers.]—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [Exit.

SCENE III. Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Count. The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account.
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false;
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf.
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he
goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord.
And for that cause I trained thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like;..
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? Thy mirth shall turn
to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself.
You are deceived; my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here.
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance.
The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,

And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
 For I am sorry, that with reverence
 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismayed, fair lady; nor misconstrue
 The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done hath not offended me.
 No other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only (with your patience) that we may
 Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honored
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK;
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
 Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suff. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
 The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintained the truth;
 Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suff. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
 And never yet could frame my will to it;
 And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
 I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
 But in these nice, sharp quibbles of the law,
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
 The truth appears so naked on my side,
 That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparelled,
 So clear, so shining, and so evident,
 That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
 In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colors; and, without all color
Of base, insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropped from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on. Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;

[*To SOMERSET.*

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suff. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suff. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset!
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words,
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's day?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension.
Look to it well; and say you are well warned.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us, by these colors, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I forever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suff. Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.]

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious
Richard. [Exit.]

Plan. How I am braved, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,
Called for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exit].

SCENE V. *The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak, decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground;—
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay.—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was returned that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
 Deprived of honor and inheritance:
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
 I would his troubles likewise were expired,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
 Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
 Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despised?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
 And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
 This day, in argument upon a case,
 Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
 Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
 And did upbraid me with my father's death;
 Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
 Else with the like I had requited him:
 Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
 In honor of a true Plantagenet,
 And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
 My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprisoned me,
 And hath detained me, all my flowering youth,
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
 Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
 For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
 And death approach not ere my tale be done.
 Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
 Deposed his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
 The first-begotten, and the lawful heir

Of Edward king, the third of that descent;
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavored my advancement to the throne:
The reason moved these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the Third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty, great attempt,
They labored to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke—did reign;
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem,
And have installed me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppressed.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honor is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me;
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloyed
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;

Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace and war! [Dies.

Plan. And peace; no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpassed thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exewas Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.*
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offered to my house,
I doubt not, but with honor to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Parliament House.*
Flourish.

Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of Winchester, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill: Winchester snatches it and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my
patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonored me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred
The manner of thy vile, outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:

No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissensious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession and degree;
 And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply
 If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
 As he will have me, how am I so poor?
 Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
 And for dissension, who preferreth peace
 More than I do,—except I be provoked?
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
 It is not that, that hath incensed the duke:
 It is, because no one should sway but he;
 No one, but he, should be about the king;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.
 But he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good?
 Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
 But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
 And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent
 Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This Rome shall remedy.
War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
 And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touched so near.

War. State holy, or unhallowed, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A noise within;* down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again;* Stones! stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have filled their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knocked out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compelled to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but his majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughtered by thy fees.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [Skirmish again.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banished moody, discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent.
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
 This token serveth for a flag of truce,
 Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.
 So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [Aside.]

K. Hen. O, loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
 How joyful am I made by this contract!—
 Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
 But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 Serv. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Serv. And so will I.

3 Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt* Servants, Mayor, &c.]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
 Which, in the right of Richard Plantagenet,
 We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urged, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
 And if your grace mark every circumstance,
 You have great reason to do Richard right;
 Especially, for those occasions
 At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force;
 Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
 That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
 So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willett Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
 But all the whole inheritance I give,
 That doth belong unto the house of York,
 From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
 And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
 And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
 I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.
 Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
 And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
 And as my duty springs, so perish they
 That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [Aside.]

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
 To cross the seas, and to be crowned in France.
 The presence of a king engenders love.

Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame;
As festered members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry, named the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. France. Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*

Guard. [*Within.*] *Qui est là?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France.*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

[*Opens the gate.*

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[*PUCELLE, &c. enter the city.*

Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALENCON, and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem !
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here entered Pucelle, and her practisants ;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;
Which, once discerned, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she entered.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement ; holding out a torch, burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles ! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

Alen. Defer no time ; delays have dangerous ends ;
Enter, and cry—*The dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [They enter.

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.

[*Exeunt to the town.*

Alarum : Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENCON, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants ! want ye corn for bread ?
I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel. Do you like the taste ?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan !
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason !

Puc. What will you do, good gray-beard? Break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompassed with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT and the rest consult together.*
God speed the parliament! Who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try that if our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Seignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, hang!—Base muleteers of France!
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls;
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c., from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honor of thy house,
(Pricked on by public wrongs, sustained in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die.
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonor me,
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so;—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces,
leaving BEDFORD, and others.]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! Ill fortune follow thee. [*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENCON, CHARLES, &c., and *exeunt*, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again!
This is a double honor, Burgundy.

Yet, Heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valor's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep.
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceased,
But see his execuies fulfilled in Rouen.

A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings and mightiest potentates must die;
For that's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The Plains near the City.*

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENCON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered;
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If dauphin, and the rest, will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mixed with sugared words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if he could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. Forever should they be expulsed from France,
And not have title to an earldom here.

Puc. Your honors shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [Drums heard.
Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive,
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance,
TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot with his colors spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

*A French March. Enter the DUKE of BURGUNDY, and
Forces.*

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favor, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*A parley sounded.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender, dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!

O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitched me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashioned thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—

Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
 And was he not in England prisoner?
 But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free, without his ransom paid,
 In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
 See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
 And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
 Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of hers
 Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
 And, lords, accept this hearty, kind embrace:
 My forces and my power of men are yours;
 So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman, turn, and turn again!
Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us
 fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VERNON,
 BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honorable peers,—
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
 I have a while given truce unto my wars,
 To do my duty to my sovereign;
 In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaimed
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,
 Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
 Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem—
 Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
 And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
 First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
 That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!

When I was young, (as yet I am not old,
 I do remember how my father said,
 A stouter champion never handled sword.
 Long since we were resolved of your truth,
 Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
 Yet never have you tasted our reward,
 Or been requerdoned with so much as thanks,
 Because till now we never saw your face.
 Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
 We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
 And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT,
 and Nobles.]

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
 Disgracing of these colors that I wear
 In honor of my noble lord of York,—
 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your saucy tongue
 Against my lord the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honor as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
 That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;
 Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
 But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
 I may have liberty to 'venge this wrong;
 When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
 And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK,
 SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor
 of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the Sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,

[*Governor kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him;
 Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
 And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
 Malicious practices against his state:
 This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
 To haste unto your coronation,
 A letter was delivered to my hands,
 Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
 I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
 To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*Plucking it off.*
 (Which I have done,) because unworthily
 Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
 Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
 This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
 When but in all I was six thousand strong,
 And that the French were almost ten to one,—
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
 Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 And ill beseeming any common man;
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordained, my lords,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
 Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He then, that is not furnished in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honorable order;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom.
 Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;

Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[Exit FASTOLFE.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath changed his
style? [Viewing the superscription.]
No more but, plain and bluntly,— *To the King?*
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here?— *I have, upon especial cause,*— [Reads.]

Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And joined with Charles, the rightful king of France.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false, dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why, then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

My lord, how say you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,
I should have begged I might have been employed.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,

You may behold confusion of your foes.

[Exit.]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favor him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to
speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea, from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine color of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argued betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms;
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord;
For though he seem, with forged, quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewrayed the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick
men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed,
With this immodest, clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturb the king and us
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.

Let me persuade you take a better course.

Eze. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favor,

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—

And you, my lords,—remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle, wavering nation.

If they perceive dissension in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provoked

To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certified,

That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,

Destroyed themselves, and lost the realm of France!

O, think upon the conquest of my father,

My tender years; and let us not forego

That, for a trifle, that was bought with blood!

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Putting on a red rose.*

That any one should therefore be suspicious

I more incline to Somerset than York.

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both;

As well may they upbraid me with my crown,

Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crowned.

But your dispositions better can persuade,

Than I am able to instruct or teach;

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,

So let us still continue peace and love.—

Cousin of York, we institute your grace

To be our regent in these parts of France;

And good my lord of Somerset, unite

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest

Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,

After some respite, will return to Calais;

From thence to England; where I hope ere long

To be presented, by your victories,

With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt K. HEN., GLO., SOM., WIN., SUF., and BASSET.*

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy; blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.*

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen deciphered there
More rancorous spite, more furious, raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favorites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind divisions.
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

SCENE II. France. *Before Bordeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. *Enter, on the walls, the General
of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England.
And thus he would,—Open your city gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this proffered peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants.
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

VOL. II.—43

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by death;
 For, I protest, we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitched,
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing, valiant man,
 Of an invincible, unconquered spirit.
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well colored,
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark! hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy;—
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings,—
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we parked, and bounded in a pale;
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood;
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
 But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
 God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
 Prosper our colors in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter York, with Forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts returned again,
That dogged the mighty army of the dauphin?

Mess. They are returned, my lord; and give it out,
That he is marched to Bordeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he marched along,
By your espials were discovered,
Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led;
Which joined with him, and made their march for Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemmed about with grim destruction.
To Bordeaux, warlike duke! To Bordeaux, York;
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honor.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succor to the distressed lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joys shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave!

Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
 That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.—
 Lucy, farewell! no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
 Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
 'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit.]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
 That ever-living man of memory,
 Henry the Fifth.—Whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honors, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Other Plains of Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of TALBOT's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
 Too rashly plotted; all our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town
 Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honor,
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
 York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'ermatched forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, sir William? whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord
 Talbot;
 Who, ringed about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
 And whilst the honorable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honor,
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succors that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned, noble gentleman,

Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
 Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
 Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse.
 I owe him little duty, and less love;
 And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot.
 Never to England shall he bear his life;
 But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight;
 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain;
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The English Camp near Bordeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
 That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
 When sapless age, and weak, unable limbs,
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoided danger:
 Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight: come, dally not; begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
 Dishonor not her honorable name,
 To make a bastard, and a slave of me;
 The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
 That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly;
Your loss is great; so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will; in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honor you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be severed from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide;
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Field of Battle.*

Alarum; Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath:
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck
fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The iresful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus; *Contaminated, base,*
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purposing the bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age;
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart;
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die:
And like me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mishance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,

An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
 Then talk no more of flight; it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 And, commendable proved, let's die in pride. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the same.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT, wounded, supported
 by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
 O, where's young Talbot?—where is valiant John?—
 Triumphant death, smeared with captivity!—
 Young Talbot's valor makes me smile at thee:—
 When he perceived me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandished over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tendering my ruin, and assailed of none,
 Dizzy-eyed fury, and great rage of heart
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustering battle of the French;
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His overmounting spirit; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
 O thou, whose wounds become hard-favored death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [Dies.

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies.

Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid.
But—with a proud, majestical, high scorn—
He answered thus; *Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:*
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bas. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear; for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended, a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtained the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,

Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great mareschal to Henry the Sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly, stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magniest with all these titles,
Stinking and flyblown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O were mine eyeballs into bullets turned,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud, commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their ashes shall be reared
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellency,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immaturity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles
A man of great authorisry in France—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one;
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and Two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER,
in a cardinal's habit.

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester installed,
And called unto a cardinal's degree!
Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been considered and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have informed his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [To the Amb.] pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipped,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY and Train; GLOSTER,*
EXETER, and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee;
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. France. *Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENCON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits;
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn' to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoined in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed;
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. Before Angiers.**Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.*

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
 Now help, ye charming spells, and periaps;
 And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
 And give me signs of future accidents!
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
 Under the lordly monarch of the north,
 Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

[Thunder.]

Enter Fiends.

This speedy, quick appearance argues proof
 Of your accustomed diligence to me.
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are culled
 Out of the powerful regions under earth,
 Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk about, and speak not.]
 O, hold me not with silence over-long!
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
 I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
 In earnest of a further benefit;
 So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.]
 No hope to have redress?—My body shall
 Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]
 Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
 Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
 Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
 Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.]
 See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
 That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
 And let her head fall into England's lap.
 My ancient incantations are too weak,
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with;
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast;
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
 And try if they can gain your liberty.—

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !
 See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
 As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the dauphin is a proper man ;
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee !
 And may ye both be suddenly surprised
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell, banning hag ! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in LADY MARGARET.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;
 For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
 And lay them gently on thy tender side.
 I kiss these fingers [*Kisses her hand.*] for eternal peace :
 Who art thou ? say, that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name ; and daughter to a king,
 The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suff. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.
 Be not offended, nature's miracle,
 Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me ;
 So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
 Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
 Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
 Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]
 O, stay ! — I have no power to let her pass ;
 My hand would free her, but my heart says — no.
 As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
 So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak ;
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind :
 Fie, De la Poole ! disable not thyself ;
 Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
 Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suff. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside.]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?
Suff. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:

She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside.]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?
Suff. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife:
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.]

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.
Suff. There all is marred; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suff. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suff. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood. It is some carpenter.

Suff. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside.]

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suff. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be entralled? He seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonor me. [Aside.]

Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy. [Aside.]

Suff. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush; women have been captivate ere now. [Aside.]

Suff. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy; 'tis but *quid for quo*.
Suff. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suff. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suff. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
 To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
 And set a precious crown upon thy head,
 If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suff. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suff. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
 To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
 And have no portion in the choice myself.
 How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suff. Then call our captains, and our colors, forth;
 And, madam, at your father's castle walls
 We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.

Suff. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suff. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
 Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suff. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord.
 Consent (and for thy honor, give consent)
 Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
 Whom I with pain have wooed and won thereto.
 And this her easy-held imprisonment
 Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suff. Fair Margaret knows,
 That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
 To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*

Suff. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories.
 Command in Anjou what your honor pleases.

Suff. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
 Fit to be made companion with a king.
 What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
 To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suff. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suff. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is, in traffic of a king;
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [Aside.]
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.]

Suff. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suff. Words sweetly placed, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure, unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suff. And this withal. [Kisses her.]

Mar. That for thyself.—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*]

Suff. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise;
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemned to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan ! this kills thy father's heart outright !

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless, cruel death ?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee !

Puc. Decrepit miser ! base, ignoble wretch !
I am descended of a gentler blood ;

Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out !—My lords, an please you, it is not so ;
I did beget her, all the parish knows.
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless ! wilt thou deny thy parentage ?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been ;
Wicked and vile ; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan ! that thou wilt be so obstacle !
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh ;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt !—You have suborned this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop ? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity ! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'st her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake !
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee !
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab ?
O, burn her, burn her ; hanging is too good. [Exit.

York. Take her away, for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemned.
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings ;
Virtuous and holy ; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.
 I never had to do with wicked spirits;
 But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
 Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
 Because you want the grace that others have,
 You judge it straight a thing impossible
 To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
 No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
 A virgin from her tender infancy,
 Chaste and immaculate in every thought;
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
 Spare for no fagots; let there be enough.
 Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
 That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
 Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
 That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
 I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
 Murder not then the fruit within my womb.
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now Heaven forefend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought.
 Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the dauphin have been juggling;
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
 Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his.
 It was Alençon, that enjoyed my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
 It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you.
 'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I named,
 But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevailed.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
 There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's a sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
 Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee;
 Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
 Upon the country where you make abode!
 But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
 Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
 Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
 Thou foul, accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellency
 With letters of commission from the king.
 For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
 Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
 Have earnestly implored a general peace
 Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
 And here at hand the dauphin, and his train,
 Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turned to this effect?
 After the slaughter of so many peers,
 So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquered?—
 O Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
 The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
 It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
 As little shall the Frenchman gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENCON, Bastard, REIGNIER,
 and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
 That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
 We come to be informed by yourselves
 What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
 The hollow passage of my poisoned voice,
 By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
 That — in regard king Henry gives consent,
 Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
 To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
 Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
 Adorn his temples with a coronet;
 And yet, in substance and authority,
 Retain but privilege of a private man?
 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already, that I am possessed
 With more than half the Gallian territories,
 And therein reverenced for their lawful king.
 Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquished,
 Detract so much from that prerogative,
 As to be called but viceroy of the whole?
 No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
 That which I have, than, coveting for more,
 Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
 Used intercession to obtain a league;
 And, now the matter grows to compromise,
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
 Of benefit proceeding from our king,
 And not of any challenge of desert,
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
 To cavil in the course of this contract.
 If once it be neglected, ten to one,
 We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
 To save your subjects from such massacre,
 And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
 By our proceeding in hostility.
 And therefore take this compact of a truce,
 Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to CHARLES.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:
 Only reserved, you claim no interest
 In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
 As thou art knight, never to disobey,
 Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,

Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
 [CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.
 So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
 Hang up your ensigns; let your drums be still;
 For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK; GLOSTER and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonished me.
 Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
 Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
 And, like as rigor in tempestuous gusts
 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
 So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
 Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
 Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suff. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale
 Is but a preface of her worthy praise.
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame
 (Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
 Would make a volume of enticing lines,
 Able to ravish any dull conceit.
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,
 So full replete with choice of all delights,
 But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
 She is content to be at your command;
 Command, I mean, of virtuous, chaste intents,
 To love and honor Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
 Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
 That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
 You know, my lord, your highness is betrothed
 Unto another lady of esteem;
 How shall we then dispense with that contract,
 And not deface your honor with reproach?

Suff. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
 Or one, that, at a triumph having vowed
 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
 By reason of his adversary's odds.
 A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds;
 And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suff. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suff. A dower, my lords! Disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich;
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king;
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be linked in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that

My tender youth was never yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
 I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
 Agree to any covenants; and procure
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to England, and be crowned
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
 For your expenses and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence;
 If you do censure me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from company,
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

[Exit.]

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.*]

Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevailed; and thus he goes,
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
 With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [Exit.]

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

(697)

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"Take them to the buttery."—Induction.

“The top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the *buttery* by the steward; not placed at the lord’s table, or the lady’s toilette.”—ROWE.

“Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot.”—Induction.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford, with which Shakespeare was well acquainted. The house kept by our genial hostess still remains, but is at present a mill.—WARTON.

“Be she as foul as was Florentius’ love.”—Act I. Sc. 2.

“A *Florentine* young gentleman was so deceived by the lustre and orientness of her jewels, pearles, rings, lawns, scarves, laces, gold, spangles, and other devices, that he was ravished overnight, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized. But next morning by light viewing her before she was gorgeously trimmed up, she was such a leane, yellow, riveded, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would say that he had married himself to a stinking house of office, painted over, and set out with fine garments: and so for grief consumed away in melancholy, and at last poysoned himself.”
Gomesius, lib. III. de Sal. Gen. cap. 22.—FARMER.

“And for your love to her, lead apes in hell.”—Act II. Sc. 1.

To lead apes was anciently, as at present, one of the bearward’s employments, who often carries one of those animals about with his bear; but it does not appear how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. There is a similar passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*. “Therefore (says Beatrice), I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his *apes* in hell.”—MALONE.

“This small packet of Greek and Latin books.”—Act II. Sc. 1.

A strange present from a lover! It might be thought so now, but in Elizabeth’s time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any attention was paid to their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c., are trite instances.—PERCY.

“Counterpoints.”—Act II. Sc. 1.

Counterpoints, or, as we now say, *Counterpanes*, were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler’s rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet worth a thousand marks.—MALONE.

"Pewter."—Act II. Sc. 1.

We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the reign of Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from the regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland; that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. This household book was begun in the year 1512.—*STEVENS.*

"Quaffed off the muscadel."—Act III. Sc. 2.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine at church at a wedding, to be drunk by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; nor was it abolished in the poet's time. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554. “The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done, at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both.”—T. WARTON.

“An old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather.”—Act III. Sc. 2.

Fancy appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. So, Peacham, in his Worth of a Penny, describing “an indigent and discontented soldat,” says, “he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps being somewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes, only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for fashion sake.”—MALONE.

“Their blue coats brush'd.”—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Blue was commonly worn by servants at the time. So in Decker's Bellman:—“The other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *serving men*, though indeed they be all fellows;” and in The Curtain Drawer of the World:—“Not a *serving man* dare appear in a *blew coat*, not because it is the livery of charity, but lest he should be thought a retainer to their enemy.”—REED.

“The carpet's laid.”—Act IV. Sc. 1.

In our author's time, it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors were commonly strewed with rusheas.—MALONE.

“Ay, but the mustard is too hot, a little.”—Act IV. Sc. 3.

This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In The Glass of Humours, it is said:—“But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drincks, but also in eschewing such as are most obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a cholericke man to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours.”—REED.

“Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.”—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Formerly *women's gowns* were made by men. So in The Epistle to the Ladies, prefixed to Euphues and his England, by John Lyly, 1580:—“If a tailor make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher: if too great, with a number of pleights: if too short, with a fair guard: if too long, with a false gathering.”—MALONE.

"Custard-cofin."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

A coffin was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.—STEEVENS.

"Censer."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

We learn from an old print that these censers resembled in shape our modern *brasières*. They had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his clothes on.—STEEVENS.

"My banquet."—Act V. Sc. 2.

A banquet, or an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern *desert*, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit.—STEEVENS.

WINTER'S TALE.

"Happy man be his dole."—Act I. Sc. 2.

The *alms* immemorially given to the poor by the archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*.—NICHOLS.

"Lower messes."—Act I. Sc. 2.

Formerly, at the tables of the great, a large salt-cellar was placed in the middle, the noble guests sat above it; the retainers and persons of low rank, below it. At the upper end of the board, the viands were delicate and costly; at the lower, plain and substantial. Wine was drank above the salt; beer only, below it. An allusion is made to this custom in *The Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1604. "Plague him, set him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut."

"Still virginalling."—Act I. Sc. 2.

A *virginal* is a very small kind of *spinnet*. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal book* is still in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord.

STEEVENS.

"Like his medal."—Act I. Sc. 2.

It should be remembered, that it was customary for *gentlemen*, in our author's age, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So in Honour in Perfection, or a Treatise in Commendation of Henrie, Earl of Oxenforde, Henrie, Earl of Southampton, &c., by Gervais Nashham, 1624:—"He hath hung about the neck of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich jewel." The knights of the garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I.—MALONE.

"— There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink."—Act II. Sc. 1.

That *spiders* were thought *venomous* appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir Thomas Overbury's affair. "The Countesse wished me to get the strongest poysone I could; accordingly, I bought seven great spiders, and cantharides."—HENDERSON.

"A boy, or a child."—Act III. Sc. 3.

In some of our inland counties, *a female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed, among the peasantry, *a child*.—STEEVENS.

"With trol-my-dames."—Act IV. Sc. 2.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone Bathes*, he says, “The ladyes, gentle-woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummitis, either wyoilent or softe, after their own discretion; the pastime troule in madame is termed.”—FARMER.

"Fadings."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

A rural Irish dance. This dance is still practised on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland. A king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who dance best; the queen carries a garland, composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbons. Frequently, in the course of the dance, the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line, linked together, follow in succession; when the last has passed, the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions; this is often repeated in the course of the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent. The dancers, on the first of May, visit such newly-wedded pairs of a certain rank, as have been married since last May-day in the neighbourhood, who commonly bestow on them a stuffed ball, richly decked with gold and silver lace, and accompanied with a present of money to regale themselves after the dance. This dance is practised when the bonfires are lighted up, the queen hailing the return of summer, in a popular Irish song, beginning:—

"We lead on Summer—see! she follows in our train."

BOSWELL.

"Lawn as white as driven snow, &c."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Autolycus here enumerates, in his assumed character of a pedlar, such articles as being on sale as were likely to attract customers. What these were we can only guess at. He has “unbraided wares.” This probably means of the best manufacture undamaged. “Points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia, can learnedly handle.” These were laces with metal tags to them. “Caddises:” Caddis, according to Malone, is a narrow worsted ferret. “Inkle:” Inkle, as we learn from the same authority, is a kind of tape. “Poking sticks of steel:”—Stowe informs us, that “about the sixteenthyeare of the Queen Elizabeth, began the making of steel poking sticks, and until that time all laundresses used setting sticks made of wood or bone.” These poking sticks were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. “Pomander:” a Pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection when the plague was prevalent.

"A pair of sweet gloves."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Stowes' continuator, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not “make any costly washe or perfume, until aboue the fourteenth or fifteenth of the Queene Elizabeth, the Right Honourable Edward Vere,

Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that the Queene had *a payre of perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with four tufts or roses of cullered silke. The Queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her hands; and for many years after it was called the *Erle of Oxfordes perfume.*"

WARTON.

"*Here's another ballad; Of a fish.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry or lamentable ballad was immediately entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; among the entries for 1604, we find the following, to which, no doubt, Autolycus alludes:—"A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the shape of a woman, from her waiste upward, seene in the sea."

"*All men of hair.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Men of hair, are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance; and in the tumult of their merriment, one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those who were next to him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats, nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the duchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him.—JOHNSON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"*Carkanet.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

A *carkanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. Thus, in *Partheneia Sacra*, 1633: "Seeke not vermillion or ceruse in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wrists, rubie *carkanets* on the neck, and a most exquisite fan of feathers in the hand."

"*An everlasting garment.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The serjeants' or sheriffs' officers, in Shakspeare's time, were clad in buff. Buff is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life.—MASON.

"*One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

Before judgment; that is, on what is called *mesne process*: when a man is arrested *after judgment*, he is said to be taken in execution. *Hell* was the cant name for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons.

MALONE.

"*What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

Here seems to be an allusion to some well-known contemporary painting, perhaps of a sign. "Adam, whom God dyd fyrst create, made the

fys lether coates for himselfe and his wyfe Eve, our old mother ; leavyng thereby a patron to al his posteritie of that crafte." *Polydore Virgil,* translated by Langley.—DOUCE.

"*Thou peevish officer.*"—Act IV. Sc. 4.

Peevish, as here used, is synonymous to *foolish*, and the word was frequently so employed by our old writers; so in *The Curse of Corn-Holders*, by Charles Fitz-Geoffrey, 1633: "The Egyptians relieved the Israelites in the famine, though it were an abomination to the Egyptians, in their peevish superstition, to eate breade with the Hebrewes."

"*His man with scissors nicks him like a fool.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. Fools were certainly shaved or nicked in a peculiar manner in Shakspeare's time, as we learn from *The Choice of Change*, 1598. "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies: 1. They are shaven and notched on the head like *fooles*."—TOLLET, and MALONE.

MACBETH.

"*Kernes and Gallowglasses.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

We have the following account of *Kernes and Gallowglasses*, in Barnaby Riche's new Irish Prognostication:—"The *Gallowglas* succeedeth the horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull; a shirt of mail, and a *Gallowglas* axe. His service in the field is neither good against horsemen, nor able to endure an encounter of pikes; yet the Irish do make great account of them. The *Kerne* of Ireland are next in request, the very dross and scum of the country, a generation of villaines not fit to live: these be they that live by robbing and spoyleing the poor countreyman, that maketh him many times to buye bread to give unto them, thoughe he want for himselfe and his poore children. These are they that are ready to run out with everie rebell, and these are the verie hags of hell, fit for nothing but for the gallows."—BOEWELL.

"*Saint Colmes' Inch.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Colmes' Inch, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to *Saint Columba*, called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the Isle of St. *Columba*. Holinshed thus relates the circumstance alluded to in the play: "The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine, might be buried in Saint Colmes' inch. In memorie whereof many old sepultures are yet in the said inch, there to be scene, graven with the armes of the Danes."

"*The rump-fed ronyon.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

The chief cooks, in noblemen's families, colleges, and hospitals, anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat trotters, *rumps*, &c., which they sold to the poor. The weird sister, in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals.—COLEPEPER.

"In a sieve I'll thither sail."—Act I. Sc. 3.

Reginald Scott says, it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." And in a book, "declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian," is the following passage: "All they (the witches) together went to sea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the same very substantially with flagons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way, in the same riddles or *cives*."

"And like a rat without a tail."—Act I. Sc. 3.

It was imagined, that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting. This deficiency has been thus accounted for; though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, still there was no part about a woman which corresponded to the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed animals.—STEEVENS.

"I'll give thee a wind."—Act I. Sc. 3.

This gift of a wind must be looked upon as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. So in Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600.

*"—— in Ireland and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."*

It may be hoped that our witches behaved more handsomely than one of their relations, as described in an appendix to the old translation of Marco Paulo, 1579: "they demanded that he should *give them a wind*; and he shewed, setting his hands *behinde*, from whence the wind should come."—STEEVENS.

"The insane root."—Act I. Sc. 3.

"You gaz'd against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have eaten of the *roots of hemlock*, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects."—GREENE'S NEVER TOO LATE, 1616.

"The prince of Cumberland."—Act I. Sc. 4.

"Duncan having two sonnes, he made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of *Cumberland*, as it was thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediateli after his decease. Mackbeth, sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed was not able of age to take the charge upon himselfe, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter), for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraude him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in tyme to come, pretend to the crowne."—HOLINSHED.

"I have drugg'd their possets."—Act II. Sc. 2.

It was a general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. Randle Holmes in his Academy of Armory, says: "Posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd."—MALONE.

VOL. II.—45

"Colme-kill."—Act II. Sc. 2.

Colme-kill is the famous *Iona*, the burying-place of the ancient *Scottish kings*, one of the Western Isles, described by Johnson in his *Tour*.

STEEVENS.

"The pit of Acheron."—Act III. Sc. 5.

Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to give the name of *Acheron* to any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be any communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece, and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Amsanctus*, in Italy.—STEEVENS.

"Enter the three witches."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Shakspeare has chosen every circumstance of his infernal cremonies with great judgment. A cat was the usual interlocutor between witches and familiar spirits. A witch, who was tried about fifty years before the bard's time, was said to have had a cat named *Rutterkin*, and when any mischief was to be done she would bid *Rutterkin go and fly*. The common afflictions attributed to the malice of witches, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh. They likewise destroyed the cattle of their neighbors, and the farmers have, to this day, many ceremonies to secure their herds from witchcraft. They were very malicious to swine; one of Shakspeare's hags, says, she has been killing swine; and Dr. Harsnet observes, that in his time "a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft. Toads have long been reproached as the abettors of witchcraft. When *Vaninus* was seized at Tholouse, there was found in his lodgings a *great toad shut in a phial*, upon which, those that prosecuted him denounced him as a wizard. The ingredients of Shakspeare's cauldron are selected according to the formularies prescribed in books of magick. Witches were supposed to take up bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King James examined, and who had of a dead body that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. A passage from Camden explains and justifies our author in some other particulars: "When any one gets a fall, he stands up, and *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way, to the place, where she says, 'I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the fairies, red, black, and white.'”—JOHNSON, &c.

"And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Magicians, in the superstitious age of our author, professed to have the power of showing future events by means of a *charmed glass or mirror*. So, in an extract from the Penal Laws against Witches, it is said, "They do answer either by voice, or else do set before their eyes in *glasses*, crystal stones, &c., the pictures or images of persons or things sought for." Spenser has given a very circumstantial account of the *glass* which Merlin made for King Ryence. A mirror of the same kind was presented to Cambuscan in *The Squire's Tale of Chaucer*; and in John Alday's translation of Pierre Boistieu's *Theatrum Mundi*, "A certain philosopher did the like to Pompey, the which shewed him in a *glass* the order of his enemies' march."—STEEVENS.

"The mere despair of surgery he cures."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

The power of curing the *king's evil* was claimed by many of the Plantagenets. Dr. Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII., says: "The kynges of England, by the power that God hath given unto them, doyth make sych men whole of a syckness called the kyng's evyll." In Lancastrian's account of the Entertainments of Kenelworth, it is said: "And also by her highnesse (Queen Elizabeth) accustomed mercy and charitee, nyne cured of the painful and dangerous deseaz called the king's evil, for that kings and quaens of this realme without oother medisin (save only by handling and prayer) only doo it." This practice was continued so late as Queen Anne's time: Dr. Johnson, when a child, was touched for the evil by that princess.

English epicures."—Act V. Sc. 3.

Of the ancient poverty of Scotland, the following mention is made by Froissart: "They be like wylde and savage people—they dought ever to lese that they have, for it is a poore countrey. And when the Englishmen maketh any rood or voyage into the contrey, if they thynke to lyve, they must cause their provisyon and vitayle to follow them at their backe, for they shall find nothing in that countrey." Such a people, who made but one meal a day, envying the "*English likerous delicats*," would be ready enough to brand their ancient enemies with the name of *epicures*.

STEVENS.

*"Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named."*—Act V. Sc. 7.

"Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made *earles*, as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Levenox, Murray, Cathness, Rosse, and Angus."—HOLINSHED'S HIST. OF SCOT.

KING JOHN.

"With that half-face."—Act I. Sc. 1.

The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat that bore the king's face in profile, so showed but *half the face*; the groats of all our English kings, and indeed all their other silver coins, with one or two exceptions, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. coined groats and half groats, as also some shillings with *half faces*, as all our coin has now. The first groats of Henry VIII. were like his father's, though he afterwards returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are here alluded to; though the author is guilty of an anachronism; for in John's time there were no groats at all, they being first coined in the reign of Edward III.—THEORALD.

*"——— My face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, look where three farthings goes."*—Act I. Sc. 1.

In Elizabeth's time there were *three farthing silver pieces*; they were impressed with her head, with a full blown *rose* behind it; these pieces were of course extremely thin. In this age, fashionables of both sexes wore flowers, especially *roses*, behind their ears. Combine these circumstances, and the allusion is obvious.—THEOBALD.

"Plantagenet."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Plantagenet was not a family name, but a *nick-name*, by which a grandson of Geffrey, the first earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his *bonnet*.

"Now your traveller."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Travelling, in Elizabeth's time, was the fashionable resource of those who had no fixed occupation; as to have seen foreign countries enabled a man to assume airs of superiority over his untravelled companions. “A traveller was a good thing after dinner;” a constant occasion of wonder and amusement. Yet travellers fell into strange impertinences. Sir Thomas Overbury, speaking of one, says:—“He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping: he will choke rather than confess beere good drinke, and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour.” Travellers brought home many ridiculous fashions. Gascoine, in his Poems, 1572, describes some of these:—

*“Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership
Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array:
As with a pike-tooth byting on your lippe;
Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way;
A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke;
A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes;
A slender shop close couched to your dock,
A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose.”*

“Colbrand.”—Act I. Sc. 1.

Colbrand was a *Danish giant*, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his Polyolbion.—JOHNSON.

“Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart.”—Act II. Sc. 1.

So Rastal in his Chronicle:—“It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to Kynge Richard, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapynge he put his arme into his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the *karte* so hard that he slew the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Richard Cure de Lyon*; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake.”—GREY.

“By this brave duke came early to his grave.”—Act II. Sc. 1.

Richard was not killed by the duke of Austria; he lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransomed out of the hands of this petty potentate. The producing Austria on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history. Leopold, duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had

been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play. The original cause of quarrel between Austria and Richard is variously related. Harding in his Chronicle says, that the source of enmity was Richard's taking down the duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the king of France and the king of Jerusalem. The affront was given when they lay before Acre in Palestine.—*MALONE*.

"That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world."—Act II. Sc. 1.

“Surely Queen Eleanor, the kyng’s mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe: for that she saw, if he were kynge, *how his mother Constance would looke to bear the most rule within the realme of Englande*, till her sonne should come to a lawfull age to governe himselfe. So hard a thing it is to bringe women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary.”—*HOLINSHED*.

“The Lady Blanch.”—Act II. Sc. 2.

The Lady Blanch was daughter to Alphonso IX., king of Castile, and was niece to King John, by his sister Eleanor.—*STEEVENS*.

“A widow.”—Act III. Sc. 1.

This was not the fact. Constance was, at this time, married to a *third* husband, Guido, brother to the viscount of Touera. She had been divorced from her *second* husband, Raunolph, earl of Chester.—*MALONE*.

“Some airy devil hovers in the sky.”—Act III. Sc. 2.

“The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so *infect* the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of fire have their mansions under the regions of the moone.”—*PIERCE PENNILESS, HIS SUPPLICATION*.

“Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back.”—Act III. Sc. 3.

In Archbishop Winchelsea’s Sentences of Excommunication, anno 1298, it is directed, that the sentence against the infringers of certain articles should be “throughout explained in *order in English*, with *bells tolling* and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentences.”—*REED*.

*“Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.”*—Act IV. Sc. 1.

It was once fashionable to affect melancholy in company. Ben Jonson ridicules this folly in Every Man in his Humour; again, in Questions concerning Conie-hood, and the Nature of the Conic:—“That conie-hood which proceeds of melancholy, is, when in feastings appointed for merriment, this kind of conie-man sits like Mopsus or Corydon, blockish, never laughing, never speaking, but so bearishlie as if he would devour all the companie, which he doth to this end, that the guests might mutter how this his deep *melancholy* argueth great learning in him, and an intendment to most weighty affaires and heavenly speculations.” Again in Lyl’s Midas, 1592:—“*Melancholy?* is *melancholy* a word for a barber’s

mouth? Thou should'st say, heavy, dull, and dotish: *melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion says, he is *melancholy*." And in the Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell, 1613:—

"My nobility is wonderful melancholy.
Is it not most gentleman-like to be melancholy?"

STEEVENS.

"And here's a prophet."—Act IV. Sc. 2.

This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet.—DOUCE.

"The wall is high, and yet I will leap down."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

In what manner Arthur was deprived of life is uncertain; it seems that John conducted the assassination with impenetrable secrecy. The French writers, however, say, that John coming in a boat, during the night time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the king fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some color, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned.—MALONE.

"At Worcester must his body be interr'd."—Act V. Sc. 7.

A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.—STEEVENS.

KING RICHARD II.

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster."—Act I. Sc. 1.

John of Gaunt, who is here supposed to be extremely old, was at this time only fifty-eight years of age. But it was usual with our old authors to attribute senility to persons whom we should only think in their middle age. King Henry is represented by Daniel as extremely old, when he had a child by the Lady Rosamond. This monarch, at his death, was only fifty-six. The earl of Leicester is called an old man, by Spenser, when he was not fifty; and the French admiral, Coligny, is represented by his biographer as a very old man, though at the time of his death he was but fifty-three. This might arise, in some measure, from its being usual to enter life much earlier than we do at present; those who were married at fifteen, had been, at fifty, masters of a house and family for thirty-five years.—MALONE.

"The duke of Gloster's death."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III., who was murdered at Calais, in 1397.—MALONE.

"Since last I went to France to fetch his queen."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Isabel, the daughter of Charles VI. was, at the time of her marriage with Richard II. not more than *eight years* old. Consequently, the part she is made to take in this play, is a palpable deviation from historical truth, as she was still a mere child at her husband's death.—MALONE.

"Lions make leopards tame."—Act I. Sc. 1.

The Norfolk crest was a golden leopard.—MALONE.

"Duchess of Gloster."—Act I. Sc. 2.

The duchess of Gloster, was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III.—WALPOLE.

"Aumerle."—Act I. Sc. 3.

Edward, duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin-german, Richard II. in 1397. He was the eldest son of Edward of Langley, duke of York, fifth son of King Edward III.; and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists of Coventry, as high-constable of England.—MALONE.

"Mowbray's waxen coat."—Act I. Sc. 3.

The brigandines, or coats of mail; then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form to every motion of the body; of these many are still to be seen in the Tower of London.—STEEVENS.

"Warder."—Act I. Sc. 3.

A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon, carried by the person who presided at these single combats.—STEEVENS.

"The duke of York."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Edmond, duke of York, was the fifth son of Edward III., and was born in 1441, at Langley, near St. Alban's, in Hertford, from whence he had his surname. This prince, as Bishop Lowth has observed, “was of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still, and consult his own quiet; and never acting with spirit upon any occasion.”

*“——— This land
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement or pelling form.”*

Act II. Sc. 1.

“In this twenty-second year of King Richard, the common fame ranne that the king had *letten to farme* the realme unto Sir William Scroope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Sir John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knightes.”—FABIAN.

*“Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke,
About his marriage.”*—Act II. Sc. 1.

When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only child of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.—STEEVENS.

*"——— to sue
His livery."*—Act II. Sc. 1.

On the death of every person who held by knights' service, the escheator of the court in which he died, summoned a jury, who enquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king's; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster-le-main*, that is, his *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land delivered to him.—MALONE.

"As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Stowe records, that Richard II. “compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seals to *blanks*, to the end he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once: some of the commons paid a thousand marks, some a thousand pounds,” &c.

HOLT and WHITE.

"Archbishop late of Canterbury."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel, who was beheaded during this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king; whence he is here called “*late of Canterbury*.”

STEEVENS.

*"Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form."*—Act II. Sc. 2.

Amongst mathematical recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are inverted, so that if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present *nothing but confusion*: and to be seen in form and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakspeare says, “*eyed awry*.”

WARBURTON.

"The bay trees in our country all are wither'd."—Act II. Sc. 4.

“In this yeare, in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old *baie-trees* withered.”—HOLINSHED.

"From my own windows torn my household coat."—Act III. Sc. 1.

It was the practice, when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to annex the arms of the family in the windows of the house.—JOHNSON.

"My gay apparel."—Act III. Sc. 3.

King Richard's expense in dress was very extraordinary: Holinshed says, “He had one cote, which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks.”—STEEVENS.

"Westminster-hall."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

The rebuilding of Westminster-hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.—MALONE.

"In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

The words actually spoken by Henry, on this occasion, were as follows: standing upright, that every one might see him, after he had crossed himself on the forehead and breast, and called on the name of Christ, he said:—"In the name of Fadher, Son, and Holy Ghost, I, Henry of Lancaster, challenge the rewme of Ynglande, and the croun, with all the membres and the appurtenances, and als I, that am descendit by right line of the blode, coming from the goode King Henry Therde, and throke that right that God of his grace hath sent me, with help of kyn, and of my frendes to recover it, the which rewme was in poynt to be undone, by defaut of governaunce, and ondoyng of the gude lawes."—MALONE.

"Did keep ten thousand men."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Richard II. was very magnificent in his household. The old chronicles say, "That to his household came every day to meate *ten thousand men*."

"To Julius Cesar's ill-erected tower."—Act V. Sc. 1.

The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cesar. Steevens says, *ill-erected* means *erected for bad purposes*. JOHNSON.

"Thus play I, in one person, many people."—Act V. Sc. 5.

This alludes to the necessities of our early theatres. The title-pages of some of our Moralities show, that *three or four characters* were frequently represented by *one person*.—STEEVENS.

"Here to die."—Act V. Sc. 5.

King Richard's body was publicly exposed in St. Paul's, and as no marks of violence appeared, he could not have been assassinated, as represented in the drama; though a similar account is given in Hall's Chronicle, and Sir Pierce Exton's Narrative was to the same effect. Stow's account seems the most probable, and is confirmed by many other authors. He says, "He was emprisoned in Pomfract castle, where fifteen days and nightes they vexed him with continual hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life with such a kind of death as never before that time was knownen in England."

KING HENRY IV. (PART I.)

*"— The gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy."*—Act I. Sc. 1.

"This Harry Percy was surnamed, for his often pricking, *Henry Hotspur*; as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad."—HOLINSHED.

"The prisoners."—Act I. Sc. 1.

By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose ransom did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to redeem or retain at his pleasure.—TOLLET.

"A hare."—Act I. Sc. 2.

A *hare* may be considered as *melancholy*, because she is upon her form, always solitary; and according to the physic of the times, the flesh of the hare was supposed to generate melancholy. The Egyptians, in their hieroglyphics, expressed a melancholy man by a *hare* sitting in her form.—JOHNSON and STEEVENS.

"The melancholy of Moor-ditch."—Act I. Sc. 2.

It appears from Stow's Survey, that a broad ditch called Deep-ditch, once parted the hospital from Moorfields; and what has a more melancholy aspect than stagnant water? It is mentioned in Taylor's Penny-lesse Pilgrim, 1618. "My body being tired with travel, and my mind altered with moody, muddy, *Mooreditch melancholy*."—STEEVENS.

"Lincolnshire bagpipe."—Act I. Sc. 2.

"At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the hall fire; when brawne is in season, and indeed all revelling is regarded, this gallant knight kept open house for all commers, where beefe, beere, and bread, was no niggard. Amongst all the pleasures provided, a noyse of minstreells and a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* was prepared; the minstreells for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall; the minstreells to serve up the knightinge meate, and the bagpipe for the common dancing."

A NEST OF NINNIES, BY R. ARMIN, 1608.

"Sir John Sack-and-Sugar."—Act I. Sc. 2.

There has been much discussion as to what wine or liquor Falstaff has immortalized by the name of *sack*. The commentators, as usual, when they differ, have left the affair more obscure than they found it. Yet it seems probable, that *Sherry*, *Canary*, and *Mountain Malaga*, were drank indifferently under that appellation.—The fat knight mixed sugar with his *sack*, but this will not be thought extraordinary, since we know that in our poet's time it was a common practice to put *sugar in all wines*. "Clownes and vulgar men (says Fynes Moryson) only use large drinking of beere or ale, but gentlemen garrawse only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose." It was customary for the waiters in taverns to have small parcels of white sugar about them, in order to supply those who took *sack*. So in The Guls Horn Booke, 1609:—"Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (*after the city fashion*) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name sweetened in two *pittiful papers of sugar*, with some filthy apology crammed into the mouth of a drawer."—Falstaff complains that there was lime in his *sack*. This was a common mode of adulterating this almost national drink. Eliot, in his Orthoepia, speaking of *sack* and rhenish, says:—"The vintners in London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the gouttes." It was usual, as a token of kindliness, in Shakspeare's day, for the guests in taverns, to send presents of *sack*, which was sometimes *mulled*, from one to the other. An anachronism is committed, by furnishing the hosts of Henry IV.'s reign with this wine, as the following extract from Taylor's Life of Parr will show:—"The vintners sold no other sacks, muscadels, malmsies, bastards, alicants, nor any other wines, but white and claret, till the 33d year of Henry VIII., 1543, and then was old Parr 60 years of age. All those sweet wines were sold till that time at the apothecary's, for no other use but for medicines. "Two gallons of sack cost Falstaff 5s. 8d.; and

from the annexed passage, our poet's computation will be found very accurate." "Claret wine, red, and white, is sold for *five-pence* the quart, and *sack* for *six-pence*: muscadel and malmsey for eight." Florio's First Fruites, 1578.—Twenty years afterwards, sack had probably risen to *eight-pence* or *eight-pence half-penny* a quart, at which rate two gallons would cost 5s. 8d. What Sir John says of the excellent effect of *sack* on the *intellect*, was seriously believed. "These wines are good for men of cold and flegmaticke complexion: for suche wines redresse and amende the coldnesse of complexion."—Regiment of Health, 1634.

"All-hallow summer."—Act I. Sc. 2.

All-hallows is *All-hallow-tide*, or *All-saints-day*, which is the first of November. *All-hallow summer* is that short period of fine, bright weather, which frequently occurs about the commencement of November.

"A pouncet box."—Act I. Sc. 3.

A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion; the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name, from *poinsoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave.—WARBURTON.

"Heir to the crown."—Act I. Sc. 3.

Roger Mortimer, earl of March, who was born in 1371, was declared heir-apparent to the crown in the ninth year of King Richard II. He was killed in Ireland, 1398. The person who was proclaimed by Richard heir-apparent, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was Edmund Mortimer (the son of Roger), who was then but seven years old; but he was not Percy's wife's brother, but her nephew.—MALONE.

"Sword-and-buckler."—Act I. Sc. 3.

The following extract from Stowe is worth notice: "This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffian's-hall, by reason it was the usual place of frays and common fighting, during the time that swords and bucklers were in use. When every serving-man, from the base to the best, carried a buckler at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his sword."—HENLY.

"We have the receipt of fern seed, we walk invisible."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Fern is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf, so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that *fern* was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern seed* many strange properties, some of which the rustic virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded.

JOHNSON.

"Out of all cess."—Act II. Sc. 1.

That is, out of all measure; the phrase being taken from a *cess* or tax; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant it was said to be *out of all cess*.—WARBURTON.

"Gadshill."—Act II. Sc. 2.

Gadshill, the scene of the robbery in this play, is on the Kentish road. Steevens informs us, that as early as 1558, a ballad, entitled, The Robbery at Gadshill, was entered on the books of the stationers' company.

The poet, however, on whom the more noted facts of his time were never lost, probably alluded to the conduct of a particular gang, who appear, in 1590, to have infested Gadshill and its neighbourhood with more than common boldness, and who, like our author's robbers, were mounted and wore vizors.—BOSWELL.

“Look down into the Pomegranate.”—Act II. Sc. 4.

To have windows or loop-holes looking into the rooms beneath them was, anciently, a general custom.—STEEVENS.

“Crystal-button.”—Act II. Sc. 4.

Pawnbrokers formerly wore a peculiar dress, the buttons of which were of crystal. “A black taffata doublet, and a spruce leather jerkin, with crystal buttons. I inquired of what occupation: marry, sir, quoth he, a broker.”—GREENE'S QUIP FOR AN UPSTART COURTIER.

“Caddis garter.”—Act II. Sc. 4.

Caddis was a kind of coarse ferrett. In Shakspeare's time, the garters were worn in sight, and were often very costly. He who wore a plainer sort was probably called “caddis garter” in contempt. “At this day (about 1625), says the continuator of Stow's Chronicle, *men of meane ranke weare garters and shoe roses of more than five pound price.*” In a memorandum book kept by Henslowe, step-father to the wife of Alleyne the player, is the following item: “Lent unto Thomas Hewode (the dramatic writer), the 1 of September, 1602, to bye him a payre of silver garters, ij a vi d.”—MALONE and STEEVENS.

“The strappado.”—Act II. Sc. 4.

“The strappado is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint, which punishment is better for a man to be hanged than to undergo.”—RANDLE HOLME'S ACADEMY OF ARMES AND BLAZON.

“I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring.”—Act II. Sc. 4.

An alderman's thumb ring is mentioned by Brome, in The Antipodes, 1641. “Item, a distich graven in his thumb ring.” Again in The Northern Lass, 1632: “A good man in the city, &c., wears nothing rich about him, but the *gout or a thumb ring;*” and in The Wit's Constable, 1640, “No more wit than the rest of the bench; what lies in his *thumb ring.*”—STEEVENS.

“A Welsh hook.”—Act II. Sc. 4.

The Welsh hook was pointed like a spear, to push or thrust with; and, below, had a hook to seize the enemy, if he should attempt to escape by flight.—WHALLEY.

“Manningtree ox.”—Act II. Sc. 4.

Manningtree, in Essex, and its neighbourhood, are famous for rich pastures. The farms are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was probably roasted there on some occasion of public festivity, or exposed for money to public show.—STEEVENS.

“Hide thee behind the arras.”—Act II. Sc. 4.

When arras was first used in England, it was suspended on hooks driven into the bare walls; this practice was soon changed; for after the

damp of the wall had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on wooden frames, at such a distance from the wall, as to prevent its being injured. In old mansions, therefore, sufficient space could have been easily found, to conceal even one of Falstaff's bulk.—MALONE.

"As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury."—Act III. Sc. 1.

Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street, London-wall, by Moorgate, the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies.—STEEVENS.

"Holland of eight shillings an ell."—Act III. Sc. 3.

Falstaff's shirts, according to this calculation, would come to about 22s. each, and we learn from Stubbe's Anatomie of Abuses, that the shirt of the meanest man cost at least 5s. He thus concludes his invective on this subject: “In somuch as I have heard of *shirts* that have cost some *ten shillings*, some *twentie*, some *fortie*, some *five pound*, some *twentie nobles*, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some *ten pound a piece*, yea, the meanest *shirt* that commonly is worn of any doest cost a *crowne*, or a *noble at the least*; and yet this is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person that is.”—MALONE.

"Maid Marian."—Act III. Sc. 3.

It appears from the old play of Robert, earl of Huntingdon, 1601, that Maid Marian was originally a name assumed by Matilda, the daughter of Robert, Lord Fitzwater, while Robin Hood remained in a state of outlawry:

“Next 'tis agreed (if therto shee agree)
That faire Matilda henceforth change her name;
And while it is the chance of Robin Hoode
To live in Sherewodde a poore outlawes life,
She by maide Marian's name be only call'd.
Mat. I am contented; reade on, little John:
Henceforth let me be nam'd Maide Marian.”

This lady was poisoned by King John, at Dunmew priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity.—STEEVENS.

"I saw young Harry with his beaver on."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

The *beaver* of a helmet is the lower part of it, adapted to the purpose of giving the *warren* an opportunity of taking breath when oppressed with heat; or, without putting off the helmet, of taking his repast.—DOUCE.

"They'll find linen enough on every hedge."—Act IV. Sc. 2.

This propensity of soldiers on a march to purloin is noticed by a writer contemporary with Shakspeare. Barnaby Riche says: “Fyrste by the way as they travayle through the countrey where they chance to lye all night, the good wyfe hath spedde well if she fynde hyr sheets in the morning, or if this happe to fayle, yet a coverlet or curtens from the bed, or a carpet from the table, some bed clothes, or table napkins, or some other thing, must needs packe away with them; there comes nothing amisse if it will serve to by drinke.”—REED.

“Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms.”—Act V. Sc. 3.

Meaning Gregory VII., called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right

of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain.—WARBURTON.

"If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him."—Act V. Sc. 3.

The name of *Percy*, according to Boetius, was derived from *piercing* the *king's eye*: a most extraordinary etymology.—SKINNER.

KING HENRY IV. (PART II.)

*"Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume."*—Act I. Sc. 1.

It may not be amiss to observe, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have several in my possession, written by Chapman, the translator of Homer, which are ornamented in this manner.—STEEVENS.

"Fillip me with a three-man beetle."—Act I. Sc. 2.

A diversion is common with boys in Warwickshire, on finding a toad, to lay a board, about two feet long, over a stick about three inches in diameter, at right angles; then placing the toad on the lower end of the board, the upper end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the reptile forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and the violence of the fall usually kills it: this is called *filliping the toad*. A *three-man beetle* was an implement used for driving piles; it was made of a log of wood about twenty inches in diameter, and fifteen in thickness, with one short and two long handles. A man at each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and a third man at the short handle assists in raising it to strike the blow. Such an implement was very suitable for *filliping* so corpulent a subject as *Falstaff*.—STEEVENS.

"A parcel gilt goblet."—Act II. Sc. 1.

A “*parcel gilt goblet*” is a goblet, gilt only on such parts of it as are embossed. On the books of the Stationers’ Company, among their plate, 1580, is the following entry: “Item, nine spoynes of silver, whereof viii gylte and ii *parcel-gytic*.”—STEEVENS.

"I must be fain to pawn my plate."—

"Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking."—Act II. Sc. 2.

Mrs. Quickly is here in the same state as the earl of Shrewsbury, who, not having been paid for the diet of Mary, queen of Scots, while she was in his custody in 1580, writes as follows to Thomas Bawdewyn: “I wold have you bye me *glasses to drink in*. Send me word what old *plat yelds* the ounce, for I will not leve me *a cuppe of sylvare to drink in*, but I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde.”—STEEVENS.

"Boar's Head tavern in Eastcheap."—Act II. Sc. 4.

The historical Sir John Fastolf was a considerable benefactor to Magdalén Collage, Oxford, for which he is celebrated in an annual speech; and though we cannot obtain the particulars at large, the *Boar's Head*, in *Southwark*, which still retains that name, though divided into tene-ments, yielding £150 per annum, and Culdecot Manor, in Suffolk, were

part of the lands he bestowed. The Boar's Head was very properly selected as the scene of Prince Henry's revellings, as it was close to his residence. Rymer says: "A mansion called Cold Harbour (near All-hallows Church, Upper Thames-street), was granted to the Prince of Wales, 11th Henry IV. 1410." Shakspeare must have passed this tavern daily, in his way to the Globe Theatre.

"*Thou whorson little tidy Bartholomew boar pig.*"—Act II. Sc. 4.

From Ben Jonson's play of Bartholomew Fair, we learn that it was the custom formerly to have booths in Bartholomew-fair, in which pigs were roasted, and to these, it is probable, an allusion is here made.—STEEVENS.

"*Do not speak like a death's head.*"—Act II. Sc. 4.

It appears from a passage in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605, that it was the custom for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *Memento Mori*. Coccle-moy, speaking of some of these, says:—"As for their death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is always before their eyes, and a *death's head* most commonly on their middle finger?"—STEEVENS.

"*Skogan's head.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

There has been much dispute about a *John Scogan*, who lived in the reign of Edward IV., and a *Henry Scogan*, who wrote some poetical trifles during the time of Henry IV. In a masque by Ben Jonson, 1626, we find the following:—

"—— methinks you should enquire now after Skelton,
And master Scogan.
—— Scogan? what was he?
Oh, a fine gentleman, and a master of arts
Of Henry the Fourth's times, that made disguises
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal
Daintily well."

Scogan's Jests were published by Andrew Borde, a physician in the reign of Henry VIII. Shakspeare had probably met with this book; and as he was careless about anachronisms, this person might have been in his thoughts. Certainty, however, cannot be arrived at on such a subject.

"*Harry ten shillings.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

This is an anachronism; there were no coins of ten shillings value in the reign of Henry IV. Shakspeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or VIII.; but he thought those might do for any other Henry.

Douce.

"*I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

The story of Sir Dagonet is to be found in *La Morte d'Arthur*, an old romance, much read in our author's time, or a little before it. "When papistry (says Ascham), as a standing pool, overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books of chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which books, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks. As one for example, *La Morte d'Arthur*." In this romance Sir Dagonet is King Arthur's fool. Shakspeare would not have shown his Justice capable of taking any higher character.

JOHNSON.

"Turnbull-street."—Act III. Sc. 2.

Turnbull or *Turnmill-street*, is near Cow Cross, West Smithfield: it was infamous on account of the debauched characters, of both sexes, with which it abounded.

"Philosopher's two stones."—Act III. Sc. 2.

One of which (says Warburton) was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold. This interpretation has been ridiculed, and various others offered. We shall content ourselves with giving an extract from a letter on the subject of the Grand Elixir, written by Villiers, duke of Buckingham, to James I. “I confesse, so long as he concealed the meanes he wrought by, I despised all he said: but when he tould me that which he hath given your sovraintship to preserve you from all sickness ever hereafter, was extracted out of a t—d, I admired the fellow, and for theis reasons: that being a stranger to you, yett he hath found out the kind you are come of, and your natural affections and apetis: and so, like a skillful man, hath given you natural fisicke, which is the onlie means to preserve the radical humours; and thus I conclude: My sow is healthfull, my divill's luckie, myself is happie, and needs no more than your blessing, which is my truw *felosopher's stone*, upon which I build as upon a rocke. Your majesties most humble slave and doge,—*Stime.*”—STEEVENS.

"Whose white investments figure innocence."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled; but the *white investment* here meant must be the *episcopal rochet*, which should be worn by the theatric archbishop.—GREY and TOLLET.

"Kept by a devil."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

It was anciently supposed, and is still a vulgar superstition of the east, that mines, containing precious metals, were guarded by evil spirits. So, in *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, by Edward Fenton, 1569, “There appeare at this day many strange visions and wicked sprites in the metal mines of the Greate Turke. In the mine at Anneburg was a metal sprite which killed twelve workmen; the same causing the rest to forsake the myne, albeit it was very riche.”—STEEVENS.

*"Therefore, thou best of gold, art worst of gold;
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable."*—Act IV. Sc. 4.

There has long prevailed an opinion, that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable gold*, among other frauds practised on credulity.—JOHNSON.

"Laud be to God!—even there my life must end."—Act IV. Sc. 4.

“At length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself to be in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto answer was made that it was called *Jerusalem*. Then said the king, Lauds be given to the Father of heaven, for now I know I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in *Jerusalem.*”—HOLINSHED.

"If I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have very little credit with your lordship."—Act V. Sc. 1.

This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in those days. The lord-keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, in his speech to both houses of parliament, 1559, says:—"Is it not a monstrous disguising, to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says:—"A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen of chickens will dispense with half a dozen of penal statutes. If a warrant comes from the lord of the council to levy a hundred men, he will levy two hundred, and what with chopping in and chusing out, he'll gain a hundred pounds by the bargain: nay, he will write the warrant himself, and you must put two shillings in his pocket as his clerk's fee (when God knows he keeps but two or three hindes), for his better maintenance."—BLAKEWAY.

"With a dish of carraways, and so forth."—Act V. Sc. 3.

It seems to have been usual to serve up *caraway seeds* in sugar, as a part of the dessert. The custom is evident from a passage in Cogan's Haven of Health:—"This is a confirmation of our use in England, for the serving of apples and other fruities last after meals. How be it we are wont to eat *carrawies* or *biskets*, or some other kind of *comfits* or *seeds*, together with apples, thereby to breake wunde engendered by them; and surely it is a very good way for students."—STEEVENS.

"And welcome merry Shrovetide."—Act V. Sc. 3.

Shrovetide was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting. In the Romish church, there was a feast immediately previous to Lent, which lasted many days. In some cities of France, an officer was annually chosen to preside over the sports for six days before Ash-Wednesday. Some traces of these festivities may still be found in our universities. In the Percy Household Book, 1512, it appears, "That the clergy and officers of Lord Percy's chapel performed a play before his lordship upon Shrovetuesday at night."—T. WARTON.

*"—— Fig me like
The bragging Spaniard."*—Act V. Sc. 3.

To *fig*, in Spanish *higas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. This phrase is of Italian origin. When the Milanese revolted against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, they placed the empress, his wife, upon a mule, with her head towards the tail, and ignominiously expelled her their city. Frederick afterwards besieged and took the place, and compelled every one of his prisoners, on pain of death, to take with his teeth a *fig* from the posteriors of a mule. The party was at the same time obliged to repeat to the executioner the words, "*Ecco la fica!*" (Behold the fig!) From this circumstance, "*fur la fica*" became a term of derision, and was adopted by other nations.

JOHNSON AND DOUCE.

"Censers."—Act V. Sc. 4.

The sluttish of ancient houses rendered *censers* or fire-pans, in which coarse perfumes were burnt, most necessary utensils. Lodge tells us, that Lord Paget's house was so small that "after one month it would wax

unsavery for hym to contynue in it." In a letter of the earl of Shrewsbury's, respecting his prisoner, Mary, queen of Scots, we read, "That her majesty was to be removed for fyve or sixe days, to *klense her chamber, being kept very unklely.*" And in the Memoirs of Anne, countess of Dorset, we are informed of a party of lords and ladies, who "*were all louey by sitting in Sir Thomas Erskin's chamber.*"—STEEVENS.

"To pray for the queen."—EPILOGUE.

It was usual, at the end of a play, for the actors to pray for their patrons. We will give an instance or two:—

"Preserve our noble Queen Elizabeth, and her councell all."
New Custom.

"This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord Owe-much and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress."
Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

"As duty bids us, for our noble queene let us pray,
And for her honourable council, the truth that they may use,
To practise justice, and defend her grace eche day;
To maintaine God's word they may not refuse,
To correct all those that would her grace and grace's laws abuse:
Beseeching God over us she may reign long,
To be guided by trueth and defended from wrong.
Amen, q. Thomas Preston."

Cambyses.

KING HENRY V.

"Gun-stones."—Act I. Sc. 2.

When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone. So, Holinshed:—"About seven of the clocke, marched forward the light pieces of ordnance, with *stone* and powder." In the Brut of England, it is said, that when Henry V., before Hare-flete, receivd a taunting message from the dauphine of France, and a ton of tennis-balls by way of contempt, "he anone lette make tenes balles for the Dolfin (Henry's ship), in all the hayste that they myght, and they were great *gonne-stones* for the Dolfin to playe with alle. But this game of tennis was too rough for the besieged when Henry played at this tennis with his hard *gonnestones*."—STEEVENS.

"The man that was his bedfellow."—Act II. Sc. 2.

Holinshed says:—"The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his *bedfellow*." The familiar name of *bedfellow*, which seems strange to us, was common with the ancient nobility. There is a letter from the sixth earl of Northumberland (still preserved in the collection of the present duke), addressed "To his beloved cousyn, Thomas Arundel," which begins, "*Bedfellow*, after my most harte recommandacion." This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of last century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from the mean men with whom he slept.—STEEVENS and MALONE.

"I saw him fumble with the sheets."—Act II. Sc. 3.

Catching and pulling at the bed-clothes has always been considered as a sign of approaching dissolution. Pliny, in his Chapter on the Signs of Death, mentions, “a *fumbling* and plaiting of the bed-clothes.” So, also, in the Ninth Booke of Notable Things, by Thomas Lupton:—“If the foreheade of the sickle wax redde, and his nose waxe sharpe: if he pulls straws, or the *cloathes of his bedde*, these are most certain tokens of death.”—STEVENS.

“At turning of the tide.”—Act II. Sc. 3.

It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but it was common in Shakspeare's age.—JOHNSON.

“A pix.”—Act III. Sc. 6.

In Henry VIIIth's will, we read:—“Forasmoch as we have often and many tymes to our inwardre regrete and displeasure, seen at our Jen, in diverse manie churchee of our reame, the holie sacrament of the auiter, kept in ful simple and inhonest *pizes*, specially *pizes* of copre and tymbre; we have appointed and comandued the treasurer of our chambre, and maistre of our juell-house, to cause to be made furthwith, *pizes* of silver and gilt, in a great nombre, for the keeping of the holie sacrament of the auiter, after the factioun of a *pize* which we have caused to be delivered to theim. Every of the said *pizes* to be of the value of iiiii. garnished with our armes, and rede roses and poart-colis crowned.”

REED.

“A beard of the general's cut.”—Act III. Sc. 6.

It appears from an old ballad, inserted in a miscellany, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 8vo., 1600, that our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards, and that a certain *cut* or form was appropriated to the soldier, the bishop, the judge, the clown, &c. The *spade*-beard and the *stiletto*-beard belonged to the military profession. The earl of Southampton, our author's patron, who passed much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of these beards, and his hapless friend, Lord Essex, is represented with the former. The ballad is worth transcribing:—

“Now of beards there be
Such a companie,
Of fashions such a throng;
That it is very hard,
To treat of the beard,
Though it be ne'er so long.

• • •
“The stiletto beard,
O, it makes me afraid,
It is so sharp beneath;
For he that doth place,
A dagger in his face,
What wears he in his sheath?

• • •
“The soldier's beard
Doth match in this herd,
In figure like a spade;
With which he will make
His enemies quake,
To think their grave is made.”—MALONE.

"The feast of Crispian."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, (1415,) St. Crispin's day. The legend upon which this is founded, follows:—“Crispinus and Crispianus were brethren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 308, to propagate the Christian religion; but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers; but the governor of the town discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded. From which time, the shoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar saints.”—GREY.

"This day shall gentle his condition."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt, and these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and public meetings.—TOLLET.

"Thou hast unwish'd five thousand men."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

The numbers engaged at the battle of Agincourt are variously stated; Holinshed makes the English army consist of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse, besides foot, in all 100,000; while Walsingham and Hardinge represent the English but as 9000; and other authors say that the number of the French amounted to 150,000.—STEEVENS.

"Monmouth caps."—Act IV. Sc. 7.

Monmouth caps were formerly much worn. “The best caps (says Fuller, in his Worthies of Wales) were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Capper's chapel doth still remain. If (he adds) at this day, (1660,) the phrase of ‘wearing a Monmouth cap,’ be taken in a bad acceptation, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion thereof.”—MALONE.

"When Alençon and myself were down together."—Act IV. Sc. 7.

This circumstance is not an invention of Shakespeare's. Henry was felled to the ground at the battle of Agincourt, by the duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the duke's attendants. Afterwards, Alençon was killed by the king's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him.—MALONE.

"Davy Gam, esquire."—Act IV. Sc. 8.

This gentleman being sent by Henry, before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report:—“May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.” He also saved the king's life during the engagement.—MALONE.

"Do we all holy rites."—Act IV. Sc. 8.

The king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blowen, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victory, causing his prelates and chapelines to sing this psalm, *In exitu Israel de Egypto*; and commanding every man to kneel downe at this verse,—*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*; which done, he caused *Te Deum* and certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, and not boasting of his owne force, or any humaine power.”—HOLINSHED.

KING HENRY VI. (PART I.)

"Hung be the heavens with black."—Act I. Sc. 1.

Alluding to our ancient stage practice, when a tragedy was to be performed. So in Sydney's Arcadia:—"There arose even with the sunne, a vaille of darke cloudes, before his face; which shortly had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a tragedie to be played upon."—STEEVENS.

"Sir John Fastolfe."—Act I. Sc. 1.

The historical Fastolfe, here introduced, was a lieutenant-general, deputy-regent to the duke of Bedford, in Normandy, and a knight of the garter. Hall and Holinshed say that he was degraded for cowardice; but Heylen, in his Saint George for England, tells, that "He was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour." "This Sir John Fastolfe," continues he, "was, without doubt, a valiant and wise captain."—FARMER.

"England all Olivers and Rowlands bred."—Act I. Sc. 2.

These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and such an extravagant detail of their exploits is given by the old romancers, that from thence arose the saying, of "Giving one a Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another.—WABURTON.

"Enter the Bastard of Orleans."—Act I. Sc. 2.

Bastard, in former times, was not a term of reproach. Bishop Hurd, speaking of the agreement between the heroic and Gothic manner, says, that "Bastardy was in credit with both;" and one of William the Conqueror's charters begins, "Ego Gulielmus, cognomento Bastardus." (I, William, surnamed the Bastard.)—VAILLANT.

*"———Here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side."*—Act I. Sc. 2.

"In a secret place there among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five flower-de-luces was graven on both sides."—HOLINSHED.

"Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Mahomet had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on his shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuaded the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice."—LIFE OF MAHOMET, BY DR. PRIDEAUX.

*"This be Damascus, be thou curred Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou will."*—Act I. Sc. 3.

About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel.—POPE.

*"———The terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so."*—Act I. Sc. 4.

"This man (Talbot) was to the French people a very scourge, and a daily *terror*, insomuch, that as his person was fearful, and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent; insomuch, that women in France to fear their young children, would crye, The *Talbot* commeth, the *Talbot* commeth." HALL'S CHRONICLE.

"Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens."—Act I. Sc. 6.

The gardens of Adonis, so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c., were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some lettuce or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival, every woman carried one of them for Adonis's worship, because Venus had once laid him in a lettuce bed. The next day they were thrown away. It will be seen by the text, that the poet has totally misapplied this circumstance.—BENTLEY, &c.

"Rhodope."—Act I. Sc. 6.

Rhodope was a famous strumpet, who acquired immense riches by her trade. The least, but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids, was built at her cost. She is said afterwards to have married Psammetichus, king of Egypt.—STEEVENS.

"Coffer of Darius."—Act I. Sc. 6.

When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius, treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as Homer's Iliad.—THROBALD.

"The Parliament-house."—Act III. Sc. 1.

This parliament was held in 1428, at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament which was held in London, shortly after his father's death, his mother, Queen Katherine, brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne of the parliament-house with the infant in her lap.—MALONE.

"Thou bastard of my grandfather."—Act III. Sc. 1.

The bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, by Katherine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married.—MALONE.

"Ye charming spells, and peripets."—Act V. Sc. 3.

Peripets were portions of scripture enclosed in bags of silk or velvet, and worn round the neck; they were sometimes quilted on parts of the dress. They were esteemed preservatives from disease.—STEEVENS, &c.



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